

*The* **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*  
**Hearthstone**

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● **How Big Is Your Bible?**—*Lloyd V. Channels*

● **The Dangers of "Ordinary" Drinking**—*C. Aubrey Hearn*

**JULY, 1958 - 25c**



# The Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

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Cover photo by Eva Luoma

Published Jointly Each Month By

#### Christian Board of Publication

WILBUR H. CRAMBLET, *President*  
Beaumont and Pine Boulevard  
Box 179, St. Louis 3, Missouri

#### The American Baptist Publication Society

RICHARD HOILAND, *Executive Secretary*  
1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

#### Vol. 10

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#### No. 7

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Second class mail privileges authorized at St. Louis, Mo.

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Price, 25 cents per single copy; five or more copies to one address, 20 cents each (60 cents per quarter); single subscriptions, \$3.00 per year.

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Printed in St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



### Worse than Sticks and Stones

"Sticks and stones will break my bones, but names will never hurt me," says a childhood chant. Do you really believe that?

Cruel, unkind remarks and vicious jibes and jeers often leave permanent scars on the soul and cause much more extensive damage than an actual physical injury. When I was in grade school, there was a boy in my class who, unfortunately, had a face which resembled that of a monkey. Many times on the school playground the children would taunt him with "Monkey face! Monkey face!" The boy in turn retaliated by pugnaciousness, thievery, and other undesirable acts. Such thoughtless appellations as "Pimple Puss," "Fatty," "Ugly," "Stupid," "Skinny," "Cross Eyes," "Limpy," and "Buck Teeth" really do hurt.

Let us always endeavor to think before we speak, and not throw sticks and stones which damage the spirit.

**What's Here?** How big is your Bible? I'm not referring to actual size, but to knowledge of the Bible that you can apply to your daily living. Lloyd V. Channels has a thought-provoking article on this topic, which is worth reading.

Did you know that you could be a foreign missionary without ever leaving your home state? Leona Frances Choy, in her article, "Bringing Home the Missions Program," tells how you can have a vital and necessary part in spreading the gospel to other lands via foreign students studying in American colleges and universities.

"Going steady" among teen-agers seems to be as much a part of our culture as hotdogs and chocolate sundaes. W. Herbert Grant has written words of advice and comfort for parents of teen-agers in his article "Steady Now!" Parents of pre-teens should also read Mr. Grant's article to forearm themselves for possible eventualities.

If you want a small child to know the meaning of the word "eat," you would probably show him an actual cat. "Dog," "chair," "table," and "tree" are other concrete words whose meaning youngsters can grasp easily. There are other words, however, which cannot be seen in the form of objects—"love," "generosity," "friendship." Your child learns their meaning only if you, the parents, demonstrate them through your Christian living. Haleyon M. Thomas, in his article, "Do Your Words?" tells you how to teach children the meaning of these abstract words.

Till next month,  
S. W.



# HOW BIG IS YOUR BIBLE?

by Lloyd V. Channels

When I ask, "How big is your Bible?" I am not concerned about the size in inches. What I want to know is, how much of that book is really yours in the sense of being the Word which God speaks to you? Most people have Bibles in their homes, on shelves, tables, and desks. It is good to have a Bible in your home; but much more important, infinitely more important, is to have a Bible in your mind and heart. How much of a Bible do you have there? How much of the book which you call your Bible has actually penetrated your life as the Word of God to you?

We refer to the Bible as the Word of God. Nevertheless, your Bible is not the Word of God for you unless you actually hear God speaking to you as you read it. If you do not know what is in the Book of Jeremiah, then that part of the Bible cannot be God's word to you. If you have never read the letters of Paul, then you cannot possibly hear God speaking to you through those letters. They are not part of your real Bible. Suppose you would remove from the Bible on your desk all those parts through which God cannot speak to you because you don't have any idea what is in them. How much would you have left as your real Bible? That's what I mean when I ask, "How big is your Bible?"

Measured in this way, some of our Bibles are pretty thin. They include, perhaps, the Ten Commandments, the Twenty-third Psalm, the Lord's Prayer, the Golden Rule, a few stories from the Old Testament, some of Jesus' parables, and a scattering of other passages. The Bible that most people know could be printed on a few pages. It would make a very small book. Even some of those familiar passages would have to be left out of our real Bible, because we have not heard or accepted the familiar words of the printed page as the word which the living God is speaking to us in our own situation. Many people who can recite the Ten Commandments or the Golden Rule have no idea at all that these are God's rules for *our* lives today, in the place where we live. It is not enough to know what is written on the pages of the book on your desk. How big is the Bible which you personally accept as God's word to you?

Now let me ask another question. Is this Bible of yours big enough? Is it big enough to help you

make life's important decisions? Is it big enough to answer the question, "What is God's will for me in this situation, and this, and this?" Is it big enough to provide you with a full-size meal on the bread of life; or are you trying to nourish your spirit with an occasional crumb? Is your Bible big enough to challenge you with a vision of God's kingdom, and to show you how to live in that kingdom? Is your Bible big enough to show you the height and breadth and depth of God's love? Is it big enough really to acquaint you with Jesus Christ, so that he is for you a living Savior and not just a shadowy figure who lived a long time ago? If your Bible is not big enough to do these things for you, then it is not big enough!

Let's look at some of the things that our Bibles should do for us.

1. Here are a young man and woman coming to the church to be married. They are members of the church, and they want to make a Christian home. Their Bible—the Bible which they know as God's word to them—should be large enough to help them make a Christian home. It won't do them much good to put a Bible on their living room table, unless the Word of God gets off the printed page and into their minds and hearts. Their living Bible should tell them that the marriage relationship is intended by God to be permanent: What God joins together no one is to separate. Everyone who divorces his wife and marries another commits adultery; and adultery is forbidden by one of the commandments. When these ideals are accepted as God's word to us, we will not begin to think about a divorce every time the going becomes a little difficult.

Every couple desiring to make a Christian home should include in their personal Bibles the wonderful chapter in which Paul sets forth the meaning of Christian love (1 Corinthians 13). This should be received as God's word to them concerning their relationship to each other. "Love is patient and kind; love is not jealous or boastful; it is not arrogant or rude. Love does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice at wrong, but rejoices in the right. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things." We don't need to read "true confession" stories, or go to



the movies, to find out what love is. God tells us what real love is. Any Bible that does not have this part of God's word in it is certainly too small to do what it should for a Christian family.

When a man and woman have children, their Bible should be big enough to give them basic guidance in the rearing of their children. Our Jewish friends make great and effective use of this noble passage in Deuteronomy—"Hear, O Israel: The LORD our God is one LORD; and you shall love the LORD your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your might. And these words which I command you this day shall be upon your heart; and you shall teach them diligently to your children, and shall talk of them when you sit in your house, and when you walk by the way, and when you lie down, and when you rise." How many parents have that in their Bibles—in the Bibles which they know and have accepted as God's word to them?

We could go on for a long time, taking from the Bible the words of God to a man and woman who want to make a Christian home. If we want Christian homes, that is just what we should do, until our personal Bibles are big enough to give us the inspiration and guidance that we need.

2. Every teen-age boy and girl these days has to decide whether or not he is going to smoke and drink. Most of these boys and girls have Bibles, books on their desks. But do they know enough of God's word to help them make these decisions? Someone holds out a pack of cigarettes—and a decision must be made. Someone at a party offers a drink of something stronger than soda pop—and a decision has to be made. In most cases it will be a decision for a lifetime. Very few people stop smoking or drinking once they have formed the habit. So the decision is

a weighty and far-reaching one. It should be made in the light of God's word. Unfortunately, the Bible which many of us possess is not big enough to help us make such specific decisions. The only Bible that we have is at home on the shelf, and it doesn't help us at all. There is a verse in the Bible on the shelf which should be in our minds and hearts. It says, "Do not be conformed to this world." In other words, "Don't smoke and drink just because everyone else is doing it." There are many times and situations when we need to remember this word of God.

The apostle Paul said something which is relevant to this problem: "Do you not know that you are God's temple and that God's spirit dwells in you? If any one destroys God's temple, God will destroy him. For God's temple is holy, and that temple you are." Paul wrote that to Christian people, members of the church. If we hear those words and accept them as God's word to us, that lays upon us a sacred responsibility to make ourselves fit temples for the Spirit of God. Before we make the decision to smoke or drink, we should ask ourselves, "Is this permissible in God's temple, or will it make it more difficult for God to dwell in this temple?"

3. There are many other everyday situations in which our personal Bibles should be large enough to help us. If death takes a loved one, we should instantly recall the words of the psalmist: "The LORD is my shepherd . . . yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil," or some of the many passages in which God assures us of his care in death as in life.

Or perhaps the problem is the familiar one of deciding who is our neighbor. Who are we obligated to help if we can? God's word in the parable of the

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Your own personal Bible is valuable to you only if you are familiar with its teachings and apply them to your daily living.



good Samaritan tells us that any man in need deserves our help because he is our neighbor. His word in one of Paul's letters tells us that in Christ all distinctions between race and class are wiped out. In Christ we are all one, children of one Father, and therefore brothers and sisters to one another. This should be in our personal Bibles as part of God's word to us.

Our relationship to money and material things is one of our greatest problems and often brings us perilously close to outright paganism. Paganism is living our lives without reference to God's will for us. The Bible has much to say about our use of and attitude toward material things. "A man's life does not consist in the abundance of his possessions." "You cannot serve both God and Mammon." "The love of money is the root of all evil." "It is better

to give than to receive." "A man robs God by withholding his tithes," and so on. God speaks in many ways to those who know what is in their Bibles.

If our Bibles are too small, they should be enlarged. For we cannot live without the Word of God. We must have the Word of God or become hopelessly lost in the complex wilderness of our modern civilization. Without the Word of God we shall starve to death. Jesus said that man does not live by bread alone, but by the Word of God. Some of our souls are getting perilously thin for lack of sufficient feeding upon God's word.

Our task is to get the Word of God from between the covers of the book, and into the innermost places of heart and mind and soul. Only so can we hear God speaking to us.

How big is your Bible? Is it big enough?



## *Your Baby's Individual Record*

by Helen Langworthy

There are baby books and baby books. You who have just acquired a bundle of joy well know that they contain a place to inscribe the newborn's full name, weight, and other details. Later on you outline your baby's hand or foot in the book at stated intervals. Usually, you include snips of his hair.

These books are entirely satisfying to thousands of persons . . . but with us, we wanted something more individual. Thinking over the possibilities, we came up with a story-like account—from life, of course!

How does it work? Does it involve a lot of effort? No! All that's needed is a report of the more important happenings in your baby's life. We'll grant you that it takes a bit more effort than do cold details noted on certain lines of a book. But oh!—the rewards are worth it.

Having a somewhat creative frame of mind, we wrote the story

of our Ann's early life in diary form. It begins like this:

"Much to everyone's surprise, I was born on the 13th of June. Because this was the date previously decided upon for my arrival—everyone surmised that I would come at any date but that. My prompt advent was but a sample of my properness. I left home for the first time, bassinet and all, on the 4th of July. It was the big family dinner at my grandparents'. Because I slept through the noise of extremely loud firecrackers, everyone was more than ever certain that I was the wonder of this world. . . . Like a proper young person, I sat up alone for the first time the day I was six months old. I didn't cut a tooth until February, though, and it came so easily that the grandparents again said I was a miracle child. A week later I cut my second tooth and made myself and everyone around me so miserable that 'miracle child' was forgotten. . . ."

The pages of what Ann did those days are interspersed with family happenings, and one page ends with the following:

"They tell me now that within a few days I shall have a new brother or sister. But MUST I share all the attention that's rightfully mine?"

Elaine, the new sister, of course had a diary book, too. It began:

"My sister's story was typed the night before my coming, and so it's fitting that my own diary be begun many, oh many months later. I've been told that it was a strenuous day for my mother on April 14th when I arrived. . . ."

Pages on further, Elaine's baby book says this:

"At three years of age the one thing everybody says about me is, 'It's remarkable that the baby's so good natured and sweet when with her family and so terribly, terribly upset when others try to take care of her. . . .'"

(Continued on page 30)



# Bringing Home the Missions Program

*You can be a missionary without ever setting foot on foreign soil.*

This will be the first time away from home for many of the foreign students coming to America. Will their welcome be a Christian one? It's up to us.



"While in America, we overseas students want to see all sides of American life . . . the home is the best place to learn about the Americans," said a young Philippine student who was nearly ready to return to her own country after taking graduate work in an Eastern university. She reflects the thinking of most of the 50,000 foreign students and overseas visitors who are in America at the present time.

The home is also the best place to make the mission program of the Christian church real to all the members. How much more will it mean to Junior in his Sunday church school class, as well as in his geography lesson in school, if he has had dinner in his home with an engineering student from India, learned how to wrap a turban around his head, and found out about the customs of boys and girls in a far country!

In the fall of 1955, 15,000 more overseas students from nearly every country in the world arrived in the United States. An equal number or more will come this year. They will be lonely and confused. What will be their impres-



by Leona Frances Choy

sions of this land whose reputation is that of a Christian nation? The answer will not depend so much on government officials whose business it is to spread good will, but upon *you* as a Christian and as a Christian family unit. You have the singular opportunity to be ambassadors for Christ and foreign missionaries without ever leaving your home or being accepted by a mission board.

On hand to meet many of these students will be staff men of an interdenominational missionary organizations called International Students, Inc., whose purpose is to reach foreign students for Christ while they are in America and encourage them to go back to their countries to share their new faith. Some of the countries to which these students will return are at present closed to the entrance of American missionary work. The key to these closed doors is in the hand of every American Christian who catches the vision of "living room evangelism."

When these students are met at ports of entry, they have many needs. Travel arrangements, money exchange, customs, and

even food are strange to them. "I learned English in India," complained one new student who enrolled in an Eastern university, "but not the American dialect!" Imagine the impression of Christianity that a student receives if a Christian is on hand to greet him, help him with everything, and arrange for him to stay in a Christian home for his first night in America. These students are assisted in routing their trip across America to their place of study. Eager to crowd as many experiences as they can into their brief time here, they like nothing better than to stop here and there to observe life on a farm, in a manufacturing community, or in a large city. They cannot see America firsthand by staying in a hotel room without a friend. I.S.I. has been setting up a chain of friendship composed of Christian friends all over America, who will meet a student at the bus or train, take him overnight, show him a few sights in their locality, and demonstrate to him the reality of the love of Christ through daily example. It is usually not wise to preach directly to the student. But

the student cannot help being impressed to see the genuineness and difference in the lives of these families with whom he stays all across the country. Usually brilliant folks, these students will soon begin to ask questions. The door is as open to you as it is to a foreign missionary whom your church supports in the Orient or Africa.

Week ends, holidays, and summer vacations are other times that overseas students are eager to visit in American homes. I.S.I., with its headquarters located at 2627 Connecticut Ave., N.W. Washington 8, D. C., and contact centers in Berkeley, Chicago, and Philadelphia, is in a position to arrange these contacts with anyone who desires to engage in this program of world missions at home. If you are anywhere within driving distance of a college or university, chances are that you have a splendid opportunity to carry on a resident work with foreign students. The I.S.I. staff is able to arrange activities in Christian homes or churches, making the initial contact with the students for you. Names of students can be supplied.

There is no limit to the kind of contacts that you can have with foreign students. To win a foreign student to Christ you must first become his friend. Share with him anything that you do from simple home life around the family table to participation and attendance with you at events which might be of mutual interest. Treat him as one of the family. Here is an opportunity for you and your children to learn about the world firsthand. What better way to nip racial prejudice in the bud than to have Junior out playing baseball on the lawn with a student from Egypt or Japan! Entertainment need not be elaborate so as to distract you or embarrass the student.

As the student shares your balanced Christian life of activity and home life, it will be the most natural thing for you to share with him, when the right time comes, the central emphasis of your life, which is Jesus Christ. Typical of the reaction of a family who entertained an overseas student from





Foreign students enjoy the fellowship of sharing a meal in the home of a Christian family.

*Photos from the author*

a nearby university for a Sunday was, "At this time we have only to say, let's do it again . . . and again . . . and again! He assisted with the dishes, felt right at home, and we even had opportunity to read from the Bible, though he is a Hindu. We are following his visit with prayer and are already planning another visit, maybe going to fish at the creek and take a picnic lunch."

Some of these overseas students come on the exchange program and others, on their own initiative, the sons of diplomats or royalty. Others are sent by their governments to be trained. Most of them are top-notch students. Because of this they cannot be approached in the usual missionary way, lest the opportunity of evangelizing

them be lost altogether. Most missionaries find that their work among these higher classes of people is limited in foreign countries. Here as guests of our country, in a sense, these students are willing to learn anything about the people. The door is wide open for us to show them that Christianity can be vital in one's life. Dr. Robert V. Finley, himself a former missionary to university students in the Far East, and 1944 intercollegiate middleweight boxing champion, emphasizes that 90 per cent of the international students who decide for Christ are won through prolonged friendships. A professional chemist, now returned to the Far East after studying for a number of years in America, said, "If the Bible is read seriously and

incorporated into the life, it would be a good thing. But in America it does not seem to be. Faith and practice of Christianity are two different things here. I say that if a person does not act according to what he says he believes, he does not really believe them." He returned to his country, unconverted, to serve the Communists.

God has set before us as Christians and Christian families an open door, providing a solution for sending Christianity to every country of the world. We have been prevented from going to three-fourths of the world with the gospel. Therefore, God has brought home the foreign missions program by providing an opportunity to reach foreign students for Christ in our homes.



Fifty years ago, Valentine Cove was a thriving vacation spot complete with hotel, excursion boats, and stately summer homes, but the passing years had brought changes. The hotel burned down and was not rebuilt. Speedboats put the excursion launches out of business. New highways diverted tourists to other coastal spots.

Some of the old unplastered houses, called cottages no matter what their size, were still occupied year after year by descendants of the original owners. Others stood vacant or were rented to teachers with young families, or retired couples, attracted by the quiet beauty of the place and willing to overlook inconveniences because the rent was low.

Robert and Mary Emerson and their three children took one of these old cottages the summer that Robert was finishing his book. It was not entirely a vacation for Mary. She was feeling more than a touch of homesickness one morning as she put the battered dishpan into the old-fashioned iron sink and gathered the breakfast dishes together on the wooden drainboard. While she waited for the water to heat on the kerosene stove, she contemplated the long day stretching out before her. Last evening's discussion and the morning's flurry had left her tired and out of sorts.

"We have room for four of you," Bill Martin had told Robert at the post office the evening before. Too bad he did not say "all of you," but of course a speedboat has its limitations. It was generous of the Martins to invite four of them, when everyone at the Cove wanted to see the tennis tournament at Spruce Island. But it meant that one of the Emerson family would have to stay at home; and Mary was the logical one. Robert and the Martins were tennis-court friends, but she scarcely knew them. The girls should not miss an opportunity to see good tennis. As for Bobby, a ride in a speedboat was his heart's desire.



A nap might do her good. She descended the path in front of the cottage to a level nook, where an old woven hammock was strung between tall pine trees.

# The Weapons at Hand

by Marion Austin Parry



**"Fire, fire!" she shouted, with scant hope that anyone would hear. Panic clutched at her.**

Of course, she was the one to stay at home. She was glad that her husband had given in; but in spite of herself she was feeling left out as she went from room to room, putting the house in order. They were a good family, as families go, but today they had hurried away, leaving everything topsy-turvy.

The hours dragged along with little to show for them. One of Mary's arguments had been that with a whole day to herself she could accomplish so many things that she had been wanting to do. Now, with time on her hands, these special tasks seemed to lose their urgency. She ate a cold bite at noon and decided that she would give the family a supper of leftovers; at least the day would be a vacation from cooking.

It was not like her to mope, but a feeling of discouragement oppressed her. She blamed herself for having sent her husband away uncomfortable and uncertain of her attitude. Just as they were leaving, Robert had said,

"Mary, I do wish you would go and let me stay here."

This futile reopening of the discussion had exasperated her, and she had answered impatiently,

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Robert! How could I get ready *now*?"

Why hadn't she laughed and said, "Oh, run along! You couldn't hire me to go!" Or "Lose my nice day of peace and quiet?"—something cheerful and conclusive. The memory of it bothered her. Had she spoiled his day?

A nap might do her good. She descended the path in front of the cottage to a level nook half way down the wooded cliff, where an old woven hammock was strung between tall pine trees. It was her favorite spot; but today she gazed listlessly at the blue water in the little rockbound cove. Scarcely a breath of air was stirring. The sunshine, usually so welcome on a

breezy day, now seemed oppressive. Instead of soothing her, the quiet place increased her loneliness. Not a boat in sight; not a sound anywhere except the soft lap of water against the rocks below and the gentle rustlings of birds in the trees about her. She thought of the birds that came to her garden at home. She thought of her flowers, and waves of homesickness swept over her. She flung herself down in the hammock with her face pressed against its rough old bolster and burst out crying with hard, exhausting sobs that gave her no relief and made her despise herself for her weakness.

Did other women become downhearted? Was Mrs. Martin always gay? Robert had called her "a very attractive woman." She wondered dismally whether he would call her, Mary, "a very attractive woman" if he could see her as a casual acquaintance and not as his wife.

Suddenly, she sat bolt upright. Was something burning? She could see wisps of smoke suspended in the quiet air. It took but an instant to discover that fire was smoldering in the needles that carpeted the path just below her. In spite of the warnings, someone must have carelessly stepped on a cigarette, not quite extinguishing it, but embedding it in the dry needles where it could have been smoldering for hours.

Mary stamped on the path as hard as she could and thought that she had put out the fire, only to see new wisps of smoke rising from the ground as the flames crept along just below the surface of the loosely strewn needles.

She was alarmed to see a little tongue of fire dart out from the path and reach for the litter of small sticks and dry birch leaves at the edge of the trail. She beat out the tiny flame; but more little tongues were already darting out on the other side of the path.

"Fire, fire!" she shouted, with scant hope that anyone would hear. Panic clutched at her. All that she had been hearing about the danger of fire flashed through her mind. The woods were like tinder. No rain for weeks. The wells were almost dry. No equipment within a mile; no telephone in their isolated cottage to bring it to her aid.

What could she do? Dash up the path to the cottage and bring back pails of water? The well was pitifully low; the pump, almost useless. It would be slow work. The bottled drinking water? So little, after all. Her mind, leaping from one idea to another, recalled the antiquated fire-extinguisher near the kitchen door. Could she make it work? Would it be worth the time that it would take to get it? She must do something this very instant!

There was a new crackling sound. A spark had flown up and ignited the dry, brown under-branches of a small spruce beside the trail.

"Help me, help me!" she gasped, and the words were a prayer.

She dashed back to the old hammock and tugged and clawed at it until she had torn the heavy bolster from its fastenings. Her heart pounded as she flailed the burning spruce with the unwieldy thing. Again and again she slammed the bolster down on the path or flung it against the crackling undergrowth. Many of the smothering blows missed their mark; but she kept at it without giving herself a moment to rest. Her breath came in gasps, and her temples throbbed; but she persevered until the last spark was extinguished.

For all its menace, the fire had left little evidence of its brief presence. The next breeze would carry away the smoke and the pungent smell of charred evergreens; the next rain would obliterate the



traces in the path. Yet a terrible fire might have had its beginning in this quiet place. Mary breathed a prayer of thankfulness as she carried the singed and battered old bolster back to the hammock. Her wrist was smarting painfully with a burn that she must have received in those first frantic moments, but her mood had changed. A feeling of confidence buoyed her spirits and banished the self-distrust that had been weighing her down.

A breeze had sprung up, and a cloud obscured the sun. Mary shivered in the cooling air; but before she started up the path to the cottage, she examined the area once more and made certain that not a spark remained.

As she trudged up the cliff to the house, exhausted but tranquil, her thoughts dwelt on her experience with the fire. It was not the bigness or the littleness of circumstances that made them important or unimportant, she decided. It was their significance, their potentiality. And just as a handful of smoldering spruce needles could have caused a devastating fire, unhappiness could start from small beginnings of discontent and discouragement and grow and grow until everything seemed dreary and hopeless. But you had it in you to prevent it, just as you had it in you to prevent the forest fire. You could arm yourself, spiritually and physically, with the weapons at hand. You could be prayerful and strong, resourceful and brave.

In the old-fashioned kitchen, she hummed a tuneless little song as she struck a match and watched the flame creep slowly around a burner of the kerosene range. Outside, the wind had veered, and there was a feeling of storm in the air. Her family would have a rough, cold trip home from the Island. They would need a hot supper, she thought, as she transformed the haddock left from yes-

terday's dinner into a steaming chowder. The old icebox also yielded a bowlful of blueberries, which inspired her to make muffins. Robert liked blueberry muffins.

She kindled the logs in the fireplace and put candles on the table. They would brighten the shabbily furnished living-and-dining-room, with its brown-stained board walls which seemed to absorb the light from the lamps. As she drew the rocking chairs into a cozy group about the fireplace, she felt a surge of affection for the barnlike old house—her home for the summer. True, it was rundown and inconvenient, but it was beautifully situated. It pleased her to feel a touch of kinship with the pioneer woman who left the ease of the settlement to give her husband and children the freedom and breadth of vision of the rugged frontier.

Rain was falling in torrents as the family came with a rush through the kitchen door. They all talked at once; but from years of practice Mary was able to sort out their remarks as a trained ear distinguishes the different instruments in the symphony.

"Mrs. Martin felt *awful*, Mother, when she found out you stayed home alone. She said Bobby didn't count—he moved around so much!"—that was Margaret.

"They want all of us, 'specially you, Mother, to go up the river to the Fair with them!"—that was Alice.

"I helped steer!"—that was Bobby.

"Were you all right, Mary?"—that was Robert. Dear Robert! She could tell by the lines of strain on his face that the long day in the sun and the motion of the speedboat had given him one of his headaches. Poor dear! She had been hoping that a whole day away from his book would do him good.

Her wonderful, wonderful family! As they lingered at the table,

the children chattering of the day's events, she thought how wise they had been to come here. How fine and healthy the children looked! The lines of strain had left Robert's face under the influence of hot chowder and the pleasant family atmosphere, and she knew that he was feeling better.

The girls had taken a great fancy to Mrs. Martin, and they described her fashionable outfit and her pretty hair-do.

"Why don't you have yours cut, Mother?" asked Margaret, looking critically at her mother's knob of hair. "Nobody wears her hair like that."

Mary was about to make an amiable reply to her daughter's comment, when her husband unexpectedly spoke in her defense.

"Your mother looks just right the way she is," he said. He smiled at his wife, and there was something in his look which made her feel young and desirable. Her hand went up to her hair in a gesture of girlish self-consciousness—a mistake, because it drew her sweater sleeve back and revealed her bandaged wrist.

"Just a burn," she told them carelessly, and the family, accustomed to her struggles with the oil stove, expressed sympathy but no curiosity. Sometime she would tell them about it, but not tonight. The menace of the fire was too closely bound up in her mind with the emotional undertones of the day.

Bobby was still staring at his mother's arm.

"You got a good wrist, you know it, Mommy?" he said. "You ought to play tennis. I bet you could swing a mean racket."

Mary smiled at her son and said, "Oh, I guess your mother is too old to learn tennis." Her eyes met her husband's. "Not too old for me," his look told her. She felt strong and serene and beloved.





Eva Luoma

# Steady Now!

Going steady by teen-agers is the almost daily topic of newspaper articles, opinion poles, and sociological surveys. It has been called one of the most important phenomena of recent times, responsible in part for the lowering of the age at which marriages occur and the rise of the birth rate. Not so long ago sociologists talked of a population in the United States that would level off about 1980. Now they talk of an indefinitely increasing population due to this upset in the birth rate.

So going steady is a prime conversation starter wherever two or three adults, especially if they are parents, are gathered. With the generation most directly involved, however, the urge to discuss is not so evident. A group of Protestant and Jewish young people were planning their annual interfaith program and had gotten to the point of listing discussion topics of vital concern. Somebody finally mentioned "going steady," "just as a suggestion." The

Many teen-agers frankly state that they don't go steady because they are "serious" about each other, but because they have someone to rely upon for regular dates and good times.

response, unanimous including even the suggester, was "O that! We've had it!"

Another group of church young people who did let the topic appear on a fellowship program quickly agreed with the girl who said, "What's everybody making such a fuss about! If a couple want to go steady, that's their business!" Incidentally, she was going steady. What adults discuss, teen-agers practice!

Certainly, another of the consequences of this important phenomenon is a disclosure of the fact that in certain vital areas of communication the generation of parents and the generation of their teen-agers are best by fundamental misunderstandings. The two don't speak the same language.

In spite of the teen-age disdain for going steady as a discussion topic, there can be no doubt about the prevalence of the practice. In a nationwide survey reported in the press a year ago last May it was disclosed that one out of every five teen-agers interviewed had a steady friend, and of those who didn't, one out of three wished he had. So here we are with a subject of wide concern, of infinite variety of interpretation, and of constant redefinition, and therefore an inexhaustible source of misunderstanding. Furthermore, it is of such emotional voltage that one of the TV networks is reported to be preparing a series to run indefinitely under the title, "Too Young to Go Steady."

Of course, it is hoped that this article will add to the mutual understanding of all concerned, especially parents. We hope to be able to help the latter to help their teen-agers. We are even optimistic enough to believe that a parent can find the means to refuse to accept an anguished, "Oh, you just don't understand," as the last word.

It won't hurt to reiterate some general propositions that have important bearing here. If parents are going to help their teen-agers to understand themselves and their times, they must remember that in the short years between 12 and 20 a young person must do three important things.

First, he must discover a real world. This means that he must do a lot of redefining for himself. He has learned so much that isn't so! This is the time when he begins to say, in amazement, "Why, I always thought. . .!" Discovering a real world is actually another way of saying that a young person must discover who he really is. In the area of boy-girl friendships he learns as he does in other areas. He makes all sorts of "random movements," as he experiments on how to get along. Some of the "movements" are pretty bizarre, but they are part of an



## by W. Herbert Grant

essential process. Only by trying himself out can he discover who he really is.

In the second place, a young person must achieve independence from his parents. (This really hurts.) This is another of the foundations of becoming a real person. Making decisions about who his friends are and what his relationship to them will be is one of the prime means by which that independence is gained, wholesomely gained.

Finally, these are the years when he must achieve a satisfactory adjustment to the opposite sex. So, whether the dating is steady or sporadic, this is a learning situation of lasting consequence.

The above is quite a program for anybody, especially when you throw in the fundamentals of an education, the choice of vocation, and, for the boys, the problem of military service.

An understanding of these essential developments in the lives of young people will help parents as they unostentatiously (but not surreptitiously) give much needed help in these wonderful years.

Three suggestions will be of assistance as you, the parent, play the rather difficult role of a counselor whose assistance may frequently be unsought. First, whether or not you are always talking the same language, keep talking! By that I don't mean that you are to be long and strong on the lecture method. Quite the opposite! I simply mean that you keep the lines, the confidential lines, of communication open. Actually, it will mean more listening than talking. Sometimes you may feel hurt that your own flesh and blood will talk to strangers rather than to you. Nevertheless, you do have the advantage of availability. Make the most of it!

Second, remember that you can count on the fruits of a life-long affection. Your "child" is discovering some new things about love; things that you could not teach him. This does not mean, however, that the long years of affection that have built the bonds between you and your child are dissolved. This new affection is a compliment, not a threat; for even though it may appear to be premature, it is a desire to find for himself another with whom he can share loyalty, respect, and confidence.

In the third place, though I have been suggesting the importance of understanding, rather than "laying down the law," I do not imply that you are to abdicate your responsibility as a parent. Though there may be resentment at a parental fiat, especially in the realm of boy-girl friendships, there is at the same time a real, though unexpressed yearning for someone to set the limits.

Now for a bit of defining. To the parent going

steady means a step toward marriage. To the high schooler it means simply, "I'm going steady because I like to. Marriage just isn't in the picture." In a recent press poll, conducted by Eugene Gilbert, it was disclosed that in spite of the widespread practice of going steady, 73 per cent of the boys and 66 per cent of the girls liked being single and intended to stay that way for some time to come. The reasons given were as sensible as those that any adult could furnish. "Most of our friends are single." "Education should come first." "You have to be really mature to marry." Though it may be kept pretty well-hidden from those close by, there is much common sense upon which the despairing parent can rely. From the point of view of the young person, going steady is just . . . going steady.

There are, however, accepted definitions of the practice and rules and regulations pertaining thereto. Three dates in a row, in fairly close succession, and . . . you're in! The fourth date, therefore, is crucial. President Charles W. Cole, of Amherst, describes the tearful agony of a girl who had been out with a boy three times, liked him fairly well, but had to turn down the fourth date because that would have meant going steady, and she wasn't sure that she wanted to!

The rules boil down to a simple proscription of dating any one other than the steady for the duration. And the duration? A few days to . . . well . . . President Cole offers the case of one pair that began dating in junior high and stayed true to each other for eight years. Yes, they finally married. On the other hand, there is a record of five hundred college girls who reported an average of five "infatuations" between the ages of 12 and 18.

One of the most useful things that a parent can do is to help a young person analyze his own reasons for going steady. He will probably say that they just like each other, enjoy each other's company, and have fun together.

This may be very well be the case. A couple may also say that it is very nice to know that dates for future social events are all set.

There may be other reasons. The amount of social pressure resulting from the prevalence of the custom varies from place to place. Nevertheless, it is always a factor to be considered. If the relationship is primarily based on this bow to conformity, the young people should be helped to see it for what it is. They probably will come to the conclusion themselves that the restraints of the code aren't worth the satisfaction of merely doing what everybody else is doing.



These three reasons, personal liking, security, and social custom, will probably be the ones advanced by a couple. One positive additional value may be found in the reflection that the discipline of being loyal in affection and companionship to one person may be an exercise that will be of benefit when the final companion is found in marriage.

In spite of the opinions quoted, early marriage does occur. Whatever the relationship between steady dating and early marriage, the two go together, statistically, and case by case. Going steady is not a static relationship; it is by nature progressive. If a couple really do find much of common interest and physical attractiveness which blooms into affection, they will want to express that affection. Holding hands becomes inadequate, and therefore, petting in various stages is prone to follow. It is here that parents have a grave responsibility to be sure that their young people know what they are doing. The couple themselves must be the ones to set limits. If

they have assurance of the confidence that their parents have in them and if they possess an awareness of the demands of a Christian stewardship of mind and body, they can be trusted to do a good job of self-discipline.

One final word. Young people are aware of the values of not going steady. They can see the value of "playing the field." They can understand the importance of keeping their friendship circle wide. They may even be mature enough to realize that they are too immature to meet the demands of going steady. This means that, if this be the case, they will admit that they aren't sure enough of the kind of person whom they want to be with; that they aren't positive enough of their own likes and dislikes to narrow their choices to one. Statistics can help here, because while we have indicated that the practice of going steady is widespread, it is by no means universal. Even the most ardent social conformer doesn't *have* to go steady.



BEULAH FRANCE, R.N.

## Hearthstone's

### Visiting Nurse

Some people still think that science conflicts with Christianity. But doctors and nurses realize that the two are allied, inseparately.

They know that without God

there could be no scientific knowledge. As they strive to save lives, they are completely dependent upon God for success.

They are awed as they work with God's guidance. From their hearts rise prayers of thankfulness for certain scientists who discovered diagnostic devices, life-saving drugs and anesthetics; for those who shaped surgical instruments; for those who know how to use them skillfully.

They live in anticipation of innumerable scientific advances which God will make possible as time goes by. They appreciate all the wonders thus far revealed and look eagerly forward to what God still holds in store.

Christianity and science are God-given. Did not he who created the world put into it countless wonders for us—his followers—to search for and to find?

(Next Month: *Disease Prevention*)

## 8 AM

I referee a fight or two  
About the bathroom turns.  
Then, while I hunt a missing  
shoe,  
The toast or bacon burns.

I serve up cereal, fruit, and  
eggs  
To yawning, sagging spouse,  
While, from upstairs a small  
voice begs,  
"Mom, please iron my green  
blouse."

I give out someone's spelling  
words,  
Pack lunches, comb out curls,  
Inspect the least one's grubby  
hands—  
By now my head just whirls!

Then as at last I wave good-  
by,  
Relief is spoiled by sorrow—  
We'll go through this same  
thing again  
Come 8 A.M. tomorrow!

—Jenny Maxwell





*No one has any guarantee that he is not a potential alcoholic.*

# The Dangers of "Ordinary" Drinking

by C. Aubrey Hearn

The person who drinks moderately is like the person who plays Russian roulette. The latter spins the cylinder of the revolver and hopes that the chamber that is loaded will not be under the hammer when he pulls the trigger. The moderate drinker hopes that he will not be the one in nine to become an alcoholic. But he should know that there are five important dangers in moderate drinking.

1. *The danger of drunkenness.* Because drinking is habit forming, it is natural for the drinker to want more alcohol or stronger alcohol, so that he can feel the narcotic effects of the drink faster. It may be easy for him to reach the border line before he knows it, and to become intoxicated without realizing it. Few people who become intoxicated intend to do so. Thus, this becomes a real danger to every drinker.

2. *The danger of alcoholism.* According to Dr. E. M. Jellinek, famous authority on alcoholism, one drinker in nine in the United States is either an alcoholic or a problem drinker. An alcoholic is a person who is addicted to alcohol; a problem drinker is a person whose drinking involves him in marital or business difficulties or accidents.

Science cannot predict which person in a group of nine drinkers will become an alcoholic; but one of them will do so. Dr. Donald W. Hewitt, M.D., expresses the prevailing medical opinion: "No scientist or doctor now living can tell any person whether or not he will become an alcohol addict after his first drink. This means simply that everyone who takes even one drink of any alcoholic beverage thereby becomes a potential alcohol addict, since there is absolutely no guarantee that, once he has taken his first drink, he will be able to call a halt."

Medical case histories are replete with the statement, "I began as a social drinker and became an alcoholic." This statement by Aubrey Willis, author of *I Was an Alcoholic*, is typical: "My drinking started nearly twenty years earlier with the so-called social drink—beer. It followed the usual pattern—whisky, moderate and occasionally, then regularly, then to a problem drinker, and now I have had two years of experience as an alcoholic, finding it neces-

sary to drink at all hours of the day and night."

Every alcoholic was once, presumably, a moderate drinker.

3. *The danger of an inferior performance.* Dr. Haven Emerson, for twenty-five years professor of public health at Columbia University, once told the writer, "Alcohol invariably makes people inferior." Amplifying this statement, he says, "Alcohol in so-called moderate or in large amounts does not benefit the structures of the body nor the work that the body or mind does. The chief reason for this failure to benefit the body is that the most important effect of alcohol is to depress, slow down, delay, and render incompetent or definitely inferior the cells of the brain. This depressant action of alcohol is invariable.

"Alcohol, even in small amounts, slows our reaction time from 5 to 10 per cent, so that our eyes and hands do not work together, nor the body respond with the usual speed and accuracy to a warning of touch or sound or sight. Whether at work or play we become less efficient after drinking alcohol." To anyone who takes pride in his athletic or mental prowess, even a drink or two will make his performance inferior, even though he will likely not be aware of it.

4. *The danger of leading someone astray.* No one can escape the influence of his behavior upon others. Whether he realizes it or not, his action in drinking with others or in declining to drink will be noticed. Christians have an important responsibility at this point. Peter Marshall in his book, *Mr. Jones, Meet the Master*, tells how his example in declining champagne at a dinner led to his winning Mr. Jones, a steel magnate, to Christ. The famous physician, Dr. Chevalier Jackson, said, "Everyone who drinks moderately sets an example that yields many drunkards among the weak." A Christian who is sensitive about his influence at this point is one who exhibits a commendable desire to obey the admonition of Paul: "So, whether you eat or drink, or whatever you do, do all to the glory of God" (1 Cor. 10:31).

5. *The danger of a darkened spiritual vision.*

*(Continued on page 28)*



# FUN ON WHEELS

*Even a long automobile trip can be fun for the whole family, believe it or not.*

When your family starts on a trip, do you look forward to a carload of contentment and good fellowship—or to an unending series of squabbles that make you want to lock Jimmy, Johnny, and Janie in the trunk until your destination is reached?

You can cut down on the bickering which seems to afflict even the most loving household, when energetic bodies are forced into long spells of inactivity. Just try a little previous planning.

First of all, some general rules are helpful, and they will be followed better if made in a family powwow. For example, what shall be done about car windows? Does everyone enjoy the breeze, or are there some who like to keep their hair well under control? Could be that there is a difference of opinion! Settle that before starting, and it never need be a cause of argument.

How about eating in the car? Shall there be a constant crunching of cookies and candy from here to Aunt Sarah's, or shall eats appear at station stops only?

One can scarcely plan ahead on the number of drinks that shall be allowed in any one day; but a refreshment allowance in each of the older children's purses will go a long way toward cutting down their constant thirst!

Changing seats every hour also is a boon to the disposition. Everyone moving one seat to the right when the clock points to the hour finishes once and for all the problem of whose turn it is to sit by the window or up front with the driver.

Stopping every hundred miles to stretch or play a game of catch in a wayside park, even though Father is all set to make East Overshoe by four o'clock at the latest, also pays big dividends in the contentment department.

Allow enough leeway, too, for making unexpected stops along the way to watch something interesting. Though it may be old stuff to Mom and Pop, a short stop to watch lumber being cut in a sawmill in the Northwest, a combine performing its many functions in a Midwestern wheat field, or a

power shovel operating in an Eastern strip mine are all new to young eyes and add tremendously to the child's general knowledge, as well as to the fun of the trip.

If the children still are in the game-playing stage, take along a small bag with some simple favorites. Be sure to include some brand new surprises from the 10-cent store. And don't forget plenty of paper and pencils for "tic-tac-toe" or just plain doodling.

Compiling a scrapbook of the trip is fun. In it the children can paste postcards, stickers, novelty napkins, and other souvenirs, as well as hand-drawn pictures of places visited, people seen, and a map of the route covered.

There are many kinds of games that can be played en route without any equipment but a quick eye.

Counting gas stations can be fun. Parcel out the major companies to the members of the family and see who "owns" the most stock at the game's end. Even



by Barbara Myers



*Oy La Tour*

This family is looking forward to an automobile trip together.

pre-readers have no difficulty spotting a star or a flying red horse.

Playing "beaver" is another favorite. It is front seat versus back seat in this game; and a point is scored whenever a station wagon is spotted. The trick in this is for a player not to get so anxious that he cries "beaver" too soon. It's easy to do, for at 100 yards the front of a sedan looks very much like a station wagon. Each error costs the team a point.

Each generation of children finds new joy in the "sign" game, in which teams choose the right or left side of the road and try to reach the end of the alphabet first by spotting letters at the beginning of words on their side.

"Buying" up a string of horses helps time pass quickly. White horses count twice as much as other colors; and passing a cemetery wipes out all the score for the players on that side of the car.

"Twenty questions" is always fun. The person who is "it" chooses some object inside the car. The others must guess what it is

in twenty questions or less. Thinking of a character in history or literature is another good variant of this game.

Even arithmetic practice can be turned into fun by enterprising parents. One child can enter figures in the trip budget book, while another can improve his knowledge of decimals by being the official mileage computer.

Music also helps speed the miles along. It's a thrill for children to find that Dad and Mom know some of the same songs that they do, and, maybe, can even "make" with the close harmony. Take along a paper songbook or two and learn some new songs and hymns to add to the family's repertoire. In after-years they will turn out to be among the richest parts of a child's inheritance.

One family on a cross-country trip made up a song "to keep their potential bits of dynamite from exploding." A verse for each state that they went through, ending with a "chorus of praise" for their home state, did the trick.

For additional fun along the

musical line provide each child with a mouth organ. Before the odometer registers a hundred miles, they will have worked out a half dozen tunes and a new hobby will be in the making!

A hobby which can produce either fun or fury on a trip is photography. If father and mother are camera enthusiasts, there will be lots of picture taking. While stopping often for sure "prize winners" may be fun for the adults, it can be sheer boredom for the children, especially if they are expected to "hold still" in the foreground of every view. Groans of "oh-not-again" will change to shrieks of joy, however, if each child eight and above is provided with his own inexpensive box camera and taught to use it. In addition to increasing family harmony, a brand new pathway to the development of an awareness of beauty awaits the child with a camera.

When the family returns from a trip filled with fun on wheels, don't be surprised if the children say, "O boy, this was kicks. When can we go again?"





# A Summer

For those who choose  
A summer cruise,  
Surprises are in store.  
They'll sail the sea,  
And soon will be  
On Funland's pleasant shore.

For this party letter the invitation on an oblong piece of white cardboard, the size of a transportation ticket. The information should read as follows:

This ticket will take you,  
Straight to the dock;  
Where our ship will be waiting  
At ----- o'clock.  
The Captain and Mate  
At (address) will be found,  
(Month and day) is the date,  
The ship outward bound.

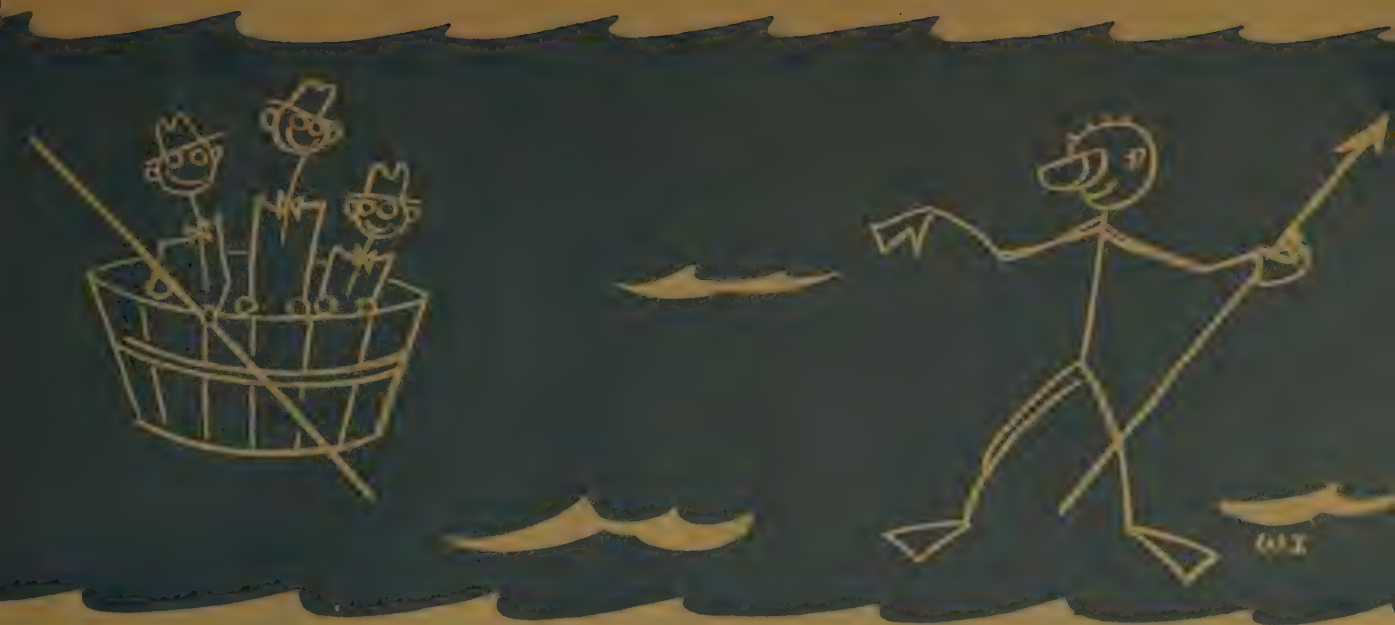
The guests will be met by the host and hostess (or the chairman and her helpers), who are dressed in sailor suits. The recreation hall will be decorated with as many Navy emblems and seafaring suggestions as possible: fish nets, anchors, life preservers, deck chairs, etc. It will be very easy to turn this kind of affair into a fancy dress or costume party, if one desires, simply by asking the guests to come dressed in some manner that recalls memories of the sea. Besides sailors, there will probably be pirates, mermaids, Neptunes, bathing beauties, lifeguards, sea shell sellers, fishing-net workers, "Old Men of the Sea," deep-sea divers, "frogmen," Hawaiian coin divers, etc.

As the guests arrive, "pipe" them aboard up a

gangplank (over the front steps from shore to ship); then ask each to sign his name in the ship's log. This will keep them moving around until the start of the first game, after everyone has arrived.

**Anchors Aweigh.** Around the name of this famous Navy song can be built the first game of the evening. Someone is chosen to be the ship's mate, and he must leave the room. When he is out of hearing, someone else will be lowering the anchor. So when the mate is called back into the room, he is startled by the clanking of chains, while everyone is acting out with noisy shouts the order "anchors aweigh." Before the surprised mate can collect his thoughts, a stomping of feet begins in imitation of sailors walking the decks. A few minutes later all the ship's guests begin waving and cheering wildly to friends on shore, followed by a snapping of the fingers, prolonged whistling, and so on. The mate knows by this time that someone, supposedly the captain, is giving signals for the changes. But who is the captain? It may take a little time; but sooner or later the mate will catch someone's eyes turned in the direction of the captain, trying to catch a signal. Perhaps, too, the captain will give the clue by switching too openly from one stunt





# Cruise

by Loie Brandom

to the next one. While the game lasts, it keeps all the others, as well as the mate, on their toes.

**Life Rafts.** This is a game that some of the younger members at the party will enjoy. Have a tub, or tubs, according to the number of the guests who want to play. Or, if teams are competing, each team has its own tub. On the water in the tubs float an equal number of jar lids. Each player is given three small corks. If teams are playing, give three corks to a team, as they will float if they miss the rafts, and can be gathered up and used by the next member on the team. Standing behind a line several feet from the tubs, the contestants toss their corks, trying to make them land on one or more of the rafts. Each cork that stays on a raft counts fifty points for that team. The team having the largest score wins.

**Where We Are Going.** If some of the guests prefer a more quiet game, try the following. Distribute pencils and long strips of paper on which the letters of the alphabet, with the exception of the letter X, have been printed on the left-hand side. Ask the guests to map out their travel route, writing the name opposite the correct letter of the alpha-

bet of the place that they would like most to visit. Thus for A they might choose between Alaska, Australia, Africa, Arabia, Armenia, Algeria, and so on. Of the B countries they may wish to see there would be Brazil, Bermuda, Bolivia, Belgium, or Burma. The C countries give the choice between Chile, Canada, Cuba, Ceylon, Colombia, Cyprus, and Costa Rica. Some of the letters may prove difficult without a bit of thought. Put a limit on the time required and award a prize to the player who is first to map a complete trip route.

**Blow, Blow, Blow Me Down.** Divide the players into teams of six each. Have as many lines as there are teams, of tightly twisted, smooth cord stretched about neck high, in parallel lines, across the playing area. A card, about three or four inches square with a hole through the center, should be on each cord at the starting line. Station three members of each team at each end of that team's cord. At the signal GO, the leader of each team begins blowing his card down the line to one of his team's players at the other end of the cord. This second teammate blows it back to the starting point where the third player takes over. The team wins whose last man gets their card over the goal line first.

Appropriate rewards for the winners of any game at a summer cruise party could be toy boats, toy versions of ship's games such as deck tennis, quoits, and shuffleboard, or objects made from sea shells. A can of oysters or sardines would make an appropriate booby prize.

The refreshments could also feature sea foods or well-known dishes, favorites in foreign countries.



# Worship in the family with children

## To Use with Younger Children

### What Is Important

The family was on vacation. Ever since the Fourth of July, Randy had been singing "The Star-Spangled Banner." Susan loved to sing, and she learned quickly. Soon she was joining Randy as he sang.

Today they were visiting a museum. Susan couldn't see into the cases. She just followed the others around. Then Randy got so excited!

"Hold me up, Daddy," Susan begged. Daddy lifted her, and

she saw a picture of a flag with funny-looking writing on it.

"What's that?" Susan asked.

"That's the very words of the song we've been singing," Randy answered. "Francis Scott Key wrote them on an old envelope while he watched from a boat to see if the flag still was flying over Fort McHenry!"

"What?" Susan asked.

"That was the beginning of the Civil War," Randy added.

"What?" Susan asked again.

"Randy is trying to tell you that always there have been men who wanted people to be free to live in ways that they thought were good and right," Mother explained.

"What does that mean?" Susan asked.

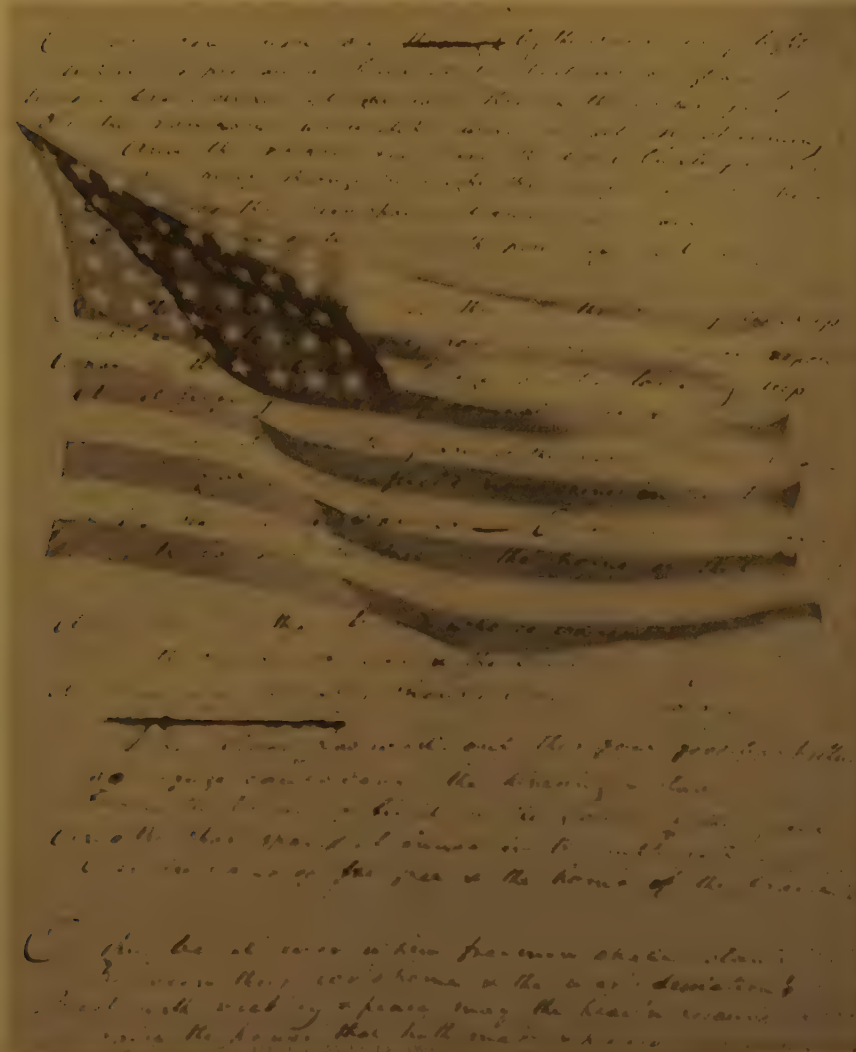
"It means being able to live where we want to, to move when we want to, to work where we wish, and to go where we want when we have a vacation," Daddy said.

"It means being the best Americans we can be," Randy added, "like helping people who come here from other countries to know our customs and ways."

"It means," Mother went on, "loving God and people everywhere, worshiping God in the way we think he would like best, and serving him by helping others."

"Oh!" Susan said. "Then I guess it's important!"

*The original draft of the "Star-Spangled Banner" is held by the Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore.*



### Theme for July:

## My Heritage

### A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.



# To Use with Older Children

## Our Heritage

Bob was reading a story about the American Revolution, when Uncle Dan came in.

"Always got your nose in a book?" Uncle Dan asked. Then he took the book from Bob's hands. "Oh, reading about your national heritage, I see. That's a bit different."

"Why is it?" Bob asked in return.

"Well, everyone needs to know about his heritage," Uncle Dan answered.

Bob wrinkled his brow. "Just what do you mean—heritage?"

"Oh, history," Uncle Dan said. "You need to understand just what you inherited from all the persons who had a hand in making this country what it was when you were born. That's a large order, for it was quite a country by that time!"

"I do like history," Bob said, "and I like to read about the times when our country was young. I like to read about the boyhood of some of the famous people in our country, too."

"Well, those are good things to know," Uncle Dan went on. "Unless we know them, we can't be sure of what our part is in maintaining our heritage, and adding to it so as to keep it great and wonderful for our children, and our children's children."

"Yes," Bob answered slowly. "I hadn't thought of that."

"If one is worthy of a heritage," Uncle Dan said, "he will want to pass it on just as great as or even greater than he received it. But what about all the other kinds of heritage that you have?" Uncle Dan questioned.

"The other kinds?" Bob repeated, puzzled.

"Sure," Uncle Dan said. "You recognize and say you are interested in your national heritage. Can you think of some other heritages that are yours?"

Bob sat thinking. Then he smiled. "I suppose you are thinking about our family heritage," he said, for Uncle Dan was very proud of the fact that his ancestors had been among the first colonists to this country.

"Right you are," Uncle Dan said with an answering smile. "Your family has given you a great heritage, too. How much do you know about it?"

"What I've heard you and Mother and Dad talk about," Bob said.

"You haven't read the family records?" Uncle Dan asked in surprise. Then he went on quickly, "Well, I suppose you have been too young to do that—but you're old enough now. Ask your mother to show you where they are, and read them. Know what your family believed, what they stood for, their willingness to sacrifice, and to suffer, if need be, for their convictions. They are as fascinating as this story. But you have other kinds of heritage, too, you know."



*Eva Luoma*

Bob thought and thought, and finally shook his head.

"How about your school, and your church, and your Bible—especially your Bible?" Uncle Dan asked.

"I never thought about them as heritages," Bob said.

"This is a good time to begin to think about them," Uncle Dan suggested kindly. "Why don't you begin by trying to appreciate your heritage of the Bible? You have learned how to find stories and passages in it through using it at church school. Now let's see just how much of its real message you can discover this summer. I'll put down some passages for you to read. We will talk about any of them each time I am here. By the time school starts again, you should be a well-informed boy!"

These are the passages that Uncle Dan listed. Perhaps you would like to read them, and others:

Genesis 1:1-31; 2:1-3, 8-9; 8:22; 12:1-7

Exodus 20:2-20

Deuteronomy 6:18a

Joshua 24:15

Psalms 100; 103

Proverbs 17:17a

Isaiah 6; 56:7

Micah 6:8

Luke 2:8-14

John 3:16

Matthew 5:3-16

Luke 6:31

John 15:12

1 John 4:11

Matthew 22:37-39

Ephesians 4:32

Hebrews 13:2

Matthew 28:19-20



# For Family Worship

If you use a beauty or worship center in your home as an aid in creating a mood for worship, plan carefully for ways to relate it to the theme for this month. Use the open Bible, as always. Small flags—the American and the Christian—may be arranged in an attractive manner. If you do not have a Christian flag, one may be made easily. The flag is white, with a union of blue in the upper left corner, approximately one-half the width and one-third the length of the flag. On this blue union there is a cross emblazoned in red. The flag may be made from paper, or a more permanent one made from cloth. If you do not wish to make one, perhaps pictures of the two flags could be used.

## Call to Worship:

The lines have fallen for me in  
pleasant places;  
yea, I have a good heritage.  
—Psalm 16:6.

Other passages that may be used for the call to worship are Psalms 61:5; 111:6; Jeremiah 3:19.

**Song:** Sing a favorite patriotic hymn such as "America the Beautiful," or "My Country! 'Tis of Thee," or choose from among the following: "For the Bible We Thank You," primary pupil's book, year one, winter, p. 22; primary pupil's book, year two, winter, "Lord, I Want to Be a Christian," p. 6 or "Our Thanks for the Bible," p. 22; "Oh, Give Thanks Unto the Lord," primary pupil's book, year three, fall, p. 22; "Book of Grace and Book of Glory," junior pupil's book, year three, fall, p. 7.

**Meditation:** Plan your own meditation based upon the "Call to Worship" or upon one of the passages suggested for such use, or choose from the following: "A Reading from the Bible," primary pupil's book, year one, summer, p. 8; primary pupil's book, year three, spring, "The Story the Bible Tells," p. 34 or "The Bible Is a Book of Rules for Living,"

## Gifts from God

The sunshine bears  
The warmth of love  
That comes to earth  
From God above.

The raindrops bear  
To thirsty land  
A cooling drink  
From God's dear hand.

—Florence Pedigo Jansson



p. 41; "Verses That Help Me When I Am Tempted," junior pupil's book, year one, winter, p. 14; junior pupil's book, year one, summer, "Using the Psalms Today," p. 24 or "Wonderful Are Thy Works, O God," p. 25; "What Makes a Nation Great?" junior pupil's book, year two, summer, p. 48.

**Poem:** Use one of the poems on these pages, or choose from the following: "The Bible Is a Treasure Book," primary pupil's book, year three, spring, p. 33; junior pupil's book, year two, fall, "Book of Books," p. 7 or "The Bible," p. 30.

**Story:** "Michael Writes a Letter," junior pupil's book, year one, fall, p. 3.

**Prayer:** Pray your own prayer, or use the one printed here: "Dear God, we are glad for our heritage of home and family, country, church, and the Bible. Help us always to live up to the best contained in our heritage. Amen."

**Song:** Choose another song from the suggested list.

## Thanks for Brave Men

Thank you, God, for brave men  
Who came across the sea,  
Who built our schools and  
churches,  
And made this country free.

Thank you, God, for parents,  
And for grandparents, too,  
Who gave us healthy bodies,  
And taught us to love you.

Help us to remember  
How very much we owe  
To Jesus, and the Bible men  
Who lived so long ago.

—Belle Chapman Morrill

## A Prayer

Dear God, when the ducks walk, they are very funny. Their shape is queer. They waddle so on their big flat feet. But when they swim on the pond, they are beautiful. We think you made their shape and their feet just right for swimming. Help us to remember that things that look very funny to us may be just right for someone else. Amen.

—Frances Bourne Taft

## Sing of Freedom

Sing a song of heroes,  
Brave and staunch and true,  
Who made a home and nation  
For folks like me and you.

Sing of dauntless courage,  
Of love of truth and right,  
Of gentleness and honor,  
Of overcoming might.

Sing of honest living,  
Sing of faith and trust,  
Of earnest, simple worship,  
Of kindly deeds, and just.

Yes, sing to God of freedom;  
Sing it loud and long  
Till folks in every country  
Take up the joyous song!

—Jessie B. Carlson



# THE HAPPY DAY

by Grace W. McGavran

Carol and John watched the moving truck roll away down the long, old neglected driveway, and turned to look at their new home. Such a huge old house, needing everything from paint to some new windows!

Mother was doing quick work with a lawn chair and seeing to it that Daddy was stretched out in it to rest. Daddy had been sick. His boss, Mr. Jones, had given him the chance to come and live in this big old house and get it mended up slowly as soon as he was able to work.

"But there's no hurry," said Mr. Jones. "The important thing is for you to get well."

Mother called. Carol and John ran to her. "I'm going to do some unpacking. We'll just camp in the house tonight. Want to help?"

The three of them worked hard.

They found bedding, towels, and enough dishes to use for supper.

"Now I have some planning to do," said Mother. "Why don't you two play out in the yard?"

Carol and Johnny went out. Everything was overgrown. The grass was long. Last year's leaves and bits of stick were lying in piles.

"Let's make a clear place under the tree," said Carol. "Then Mom can come out and rest in the shade."

"Let's make it part in the shade and part in the sun," said John. "The doctor said Dad must lie out in the sun some each day."

They chose a place that seemed very smooth and flat and began to work.

"Oh!" exclaimed Carol. "Johnny, look! There's a pavement under the leaves."

Johnny came quickly. He had

found an old rake and a bushel basket to carry off the leaves.

The two of them shuffled along through the leaves. The pavement seemed to go quite a distance.

"Oh!" breathed Carol. "Maybe it's a patio! We could even have a table and have our meals out here. And it would be just right for Dad's sunbathing. And Mom's chair."

They began to shovel up the leaves. There were inches and inches of them. But sure enough the pavement went on and on.

"Hey!" said John. Carol came to his side. "Look! There's a little wall."

"I know! It must be a raised flower bed, like I saw at Mrs. Graham's," said Carol after looking at it. "Well, it's too late to plant flowers now, but won't that be nice. We can sit on that edge."

They worked and worked. They followed the little wall. At one place they came to a corner. The wall turned in a circle. They kept on following it. They cleared more and more of the cement pavement.

The wall became straight again. They looked around. "It's all around the patio," decided Carol. "Isn't that odd. Why didn't they make it all level?" They worked on.

At last the place was clear. The wall had a pile of stones in one corner, and Carol and John just left them there. They got a broom and swept up the dust.

Just then Dad, who had rested enough; and Mom, who was tired of the house, came around the corner.

"Surprise! Surprise!" called Carol and John. "Look, Mom, a nice little patio for your chair."

"And for Dad to take his sunbaths," added Carol.

Mom and Dad looked at each other.

(Continued on page 28)





# Neighbors Are People, Too!

"People, Places, and Things!" to quote John Daly on his TV newscast. Each is fascinating. But people are *the thing!* Endlessly different, forever intriguing.

In our twenty-three years of married life in four separate states, besides our home states, we have enjoyed people in all walks of life and from many backgrounds. There is much to be said for living one's life in one's home town. Nevertheless, if a family has to move, life can be greatly enriched that way. "If you move around and you want to make friends, you've got to make friends fast," an attractive matron said in our apartment laundry room.

Probably shyness, more often than not, prevents people from making a friendly move. Perhaps persons who are transplanted need more prodding to meet other people than settled people do to meet newcomers in their own community. We like the story told by a lovely friend from South Carolina, who was sent to London with her husband. She couldn't bear to waste that wonderful experience. So when no one called on her in London, she put on her hat and white gloves and went to the houses on each side of her. "My husband and I are to be in England just one year," she told them, "and I do want to know my neighbors." The "cold and reserved English" responded to the frank overture; and the young woman and her husband had a very happy year, leaving many friends behind.

Another friend moved with her husband and young son to an exclusive Long Island suburb. The houses and settings were lovely in the well-named Flower Hill, but—no callers. In a few months it was Christmas time; and she decided to have a tea for the neighbors. She remembered the lines that her mother had quoted from Edwin Markham:

"He draw a circle that shut me out.  
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.  
But love and I had the wit to win.  
We drew a circle that took him in."

The neighbors were delighted; and though this family has since moved to Florida, they believe that the group will remain a neighborhood.

People do respond when interest is shown in them as individuals. When we realize that nearly all our friends were once strangers, it may help for us to reach out when shyness might hold them back. Be-

ing good neighbors is a two-way street. If one is friendly and neighborly, others will probably respond in like manner. Friendly people never lack friends.

We had an experience that was an education for our family. We had always lived among neighbors pretty much like ourselves. We were approximately in the same economic bracket. We came from the same national and cultural stock. We had much the same education. Then a change of responsibility put us down in the midst of a large metropolitan community. Our economic standing, or lack of it, and the housing shortage made acute by the war determined the place of our next residence. It was hardly what we would have chosen. The house was run down, and needed much repair work. Perhaps the one feature that made us a bit uncomfortable was the quite cosmopolitan nature of our new neighbors. They represented a new dimension for interfamily relations that had much to contribute to us. We had to adjust our outlook to accommodate a new kind of neighbor.

They were a most interesting group of people, as we came to discover. Our first acquaintance was with a family of Connecticut Yankees. They came over and offered to share their rationed supply of fuel oil for our furnace, until we could obtain some for ourselves. This wasn't like the "unfriendly East" that we had heard about. Another family were transplanted Englishmen, who at first faced us with the traditional English reserve, but who became, perhaps, our closest neighbors, partly because we were members of the same church. We did not own a car, and they often shared theirs with us.

A Czechoslovakian family boasted a professional bass player, who doubled in a technical wartime job in a defense plant. Another couple consisted of a much traveled sugar salesman, rumored to be a Jew, and his Protestant wife. Next was a German, married to a hard working, neat Italian woman. They were parents of two very attractive children. Then there was an Italian cabinet maker, who had fled his native Italy at sixteen to escape the Roman priesthood. He had married an orthodox Jew, and they had three well-behaved youngsters. Other neighbors were the Greek furriers, who had moved from the slums in a desperate effort to outgrow their lowly circumstances. They were helped by a devoutly good woman, whose influence continued after her untimely



## by A. Nonymous

death in the fine behavior of her children.

A Christian Arab family from Syria imported rugs and linens. They were flanked by a quiet but friendly Norwegian Lutheran engineer and his wife. While we lived in this growing community, we were joined by four Jewish families, who represented something of a cross section of God's children. They taught us that one cannot generalize about people. They were as different among themselves as nationalities and cultures are from each other. Two of the families had ties to their religious culture and the society of the synagogue. The other two families kept aloof from their religious heritage, but with apparently different reasons. One at least did so out of a background of liberalism and sophistication. This, however, began to break down when their children were facing the need for a growing and adequate philosophy of life. This family seemed to us to be ready for the witness of the gospel.

Our neighborly relations grew by way of many channels. There were the cub and scout troops, the P.T.A., and the school board election. There was

the new high school in our community and the dangerous, unguarded crossing at our corner. Then, too, there was the sharing of the joys and sorrows, the achievements and the disappointments which gradually bound us together. There were several weddings and at least three deaths. There were new jobs for young people, and advancements and achievements in school. There was sickness and the emergency which often was no more than the immediate need for a cup of sugar or quarter pound of butter. There was carol singing at Christmas in one of the homes.

Since moving from that community, we have had some of the neighbors as house guests, and have corresponded with enough of them to maintain the ties that formerly bound us in a sense of community.

Now we're having an entirely different sort of experience which is new and enriching. We came to a suburban community in which we were suddenly caught in a web of delightful relationships. Here we found more people and factors of common interest than one might have thought possible. There

"People do respond when interest is shown in them as individuals. . . . If one is friendly and neighborly, others will probably respond in like manner."



Photo by erb



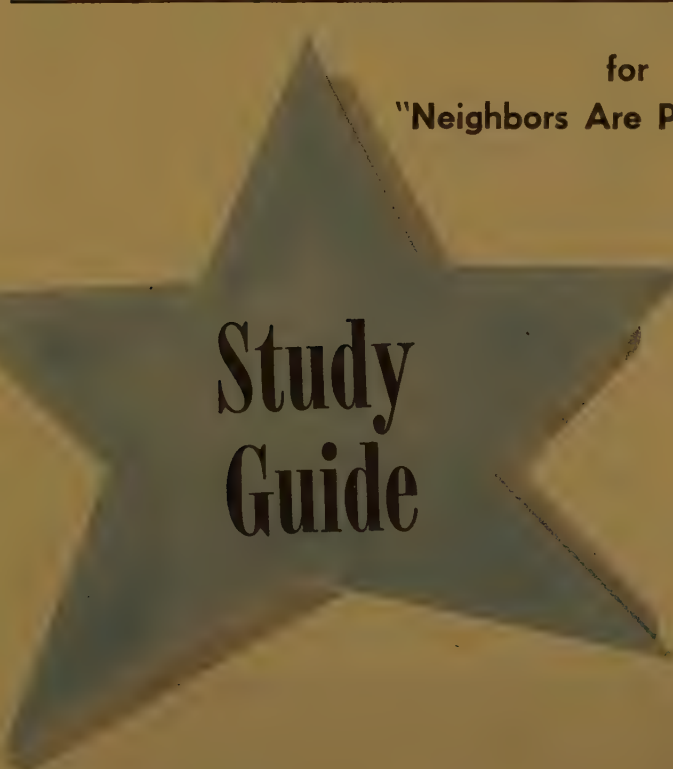
was already a close fabric of relationships which has been long established, but which was vital enough to make adjustment as families went and others came. There is no attempt to be cliquish. There is a concern for newcomers to maintain the standards and ideals of the community. Nearly all are professional and business people. Nearly all are western European in ancestry, with a liberal sprinkling of English names. Nearly all are rearing families; and most have a more than average interest in the Protestant churches to which they belong. There is a mutual pride in their modest homes. Without vying in out-doing each other, they have an interest and take pleasure in others' improvements and accomplish-

ments.

The women of this group meet six or eight times a year for "coffees." These may begin at 10:30 or 11:00 A.M. and last until 12:30 or 1:00. Nothing more than coffee and sweet rolls are served. Right after Christmas there is a party to which husbands and wives come for social conversation, carol singing, and a delectable repast.

But it is in the needs of any and all that the sense of community becomes most articulate. Mutual interest and encouragement for children and teenagers makes them a part of the family.

Two or three musical ensembles from the group are a source of pleasant evenings at home. Shared



## Study Guide

### for "Neighbors Are People, Too!"

#### Preparation for the Leader

The story in *Hearthstone*, "Neighbors Are People, Too," is a true story. It may be used as the basis for a discussion. Therefore, unless all who attend have read the article previously, it will be necessary to take time to have someone read it aloud to the assembled group.

The leader may prepare by reading the article himself. After these suggestions he may choose one or the other of the discussion plans, or one of his own.

Note the resources listed and outline who and how any part of them may be used by way of resources in the discussion groups.

#### Plan 1: The Discussion

If the discussion group has fifteen or more in it, it might be divided into as many groups of five or six persons as possible. Assign one of the topics for discussion to each group. Allow

them to talk about their assigned subject and the related questions for about twenty minutes. Then have them come together again, with one or two from each group reporting briefly the most important item or two from their small group conversation. The combined groups might then take ten to fifteen minutes to outline some of the definite projects in the community which might be started.

#### Areas for Discussion

##### 1. The Individual as a Neighbor

- Who should take responsibility for the initiative in human relations?
- What reasons other than shyness may stand in the way of taking the first step?
- How can one use ordinary excuses, like getting a push for an old car, as an ice-breaker? Name some "ice-breakers" that you know about.

- What group ice-breakers can you think of for your neighborhood?
- In what ways can the church contribute to make these openings possible? Do you have some definite recommendations to pass on to the officers of your church?

##### 2. Neighbors Are People—All Kinds

- Do we cheat ourselves by avoiding neighborhoods of mixed people?
- Is neighborhood dependent on skin color, nationality, or economics?
- Name ways in which neighbors of varied backgrounds may have already contributed to your own enrichment.
- Name the kinds of community activities in which this interchange of contributions may take place.
- Are the basic needs of all human beings essentially different?
- Does the church contribute, or need to contribute to the opportunity for the interchange? How?

##### 3. Good Neighbors Work and Play Together

- What problems of common interest provide a challenge to your community's co-operative effort? School? Teen-agers? Traffic? Youth activities?
- What community agencies deserve and require the support of parents?
- Name a list of activities that bring families together.
- What role may and should the church play in this program? Do you have any recommendations for your church?

#### Plan 2: Role Playing

After having read the article to the group (or having all read it ahead of time), arrange for two role-playing situations.

- In the first ask two women, Mrs. Cheery and Mrs. Helpful, to call on a third, Mrs. Newcomer, who is lonely, bewildered, and harassed about her new situation. She has two children who are lost in their

(Continued on page 30)



evenings with recorded music of the masters enriches musical appreciation.

Let one become a hospital patient, and there is an interesting contest to help the stay-at-homes, as well as to follow with sincere interest and affection the progress of the convalescent. A new baby is a community event.

Our boy shared in athletic contests that took him into North American competition. Everyone on the street followed each race. Now he is a freshman in college, preparing for the ministry; and there seems to be an equal interest in what's happening to him. Three boys on the street are planning to enter the Christian ministry. One, in high school, gives our

boy the tribute of influencing his decision.

Two of our neighbors have not been a part of this community, largely through misunderstanding. It is a joy to report that some of this misunderstanding has been cleared up; and reconciliation is taking place gradually as understanding and appreciation grow.

In our world the nations of people are like families in a giant neighborhood. They are interdependent. Only in genuine partnership, by combining their resources and sharing their tasks in many fields, can safety, security, justice, and happiness be found. We need to practice community on the local level more if we hope to make it work on the international level.

BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the completed pattern contains a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Shaped like an egg -----	84 85 32 102
B They have yolks -----	27 57 30 96
C 12 or 16 ounces -----	92 8 36 6 22
D Something given -----	20 45 79 75
E It grows tall in Iowa -----	33 13 43 61
F An unusually small animal -----	59 47 67 7
G Shaped like the world -----	5 35 66 73 15
H Cooling drugstore drinks -----	55 78 2 29
I Color of autumn leaves -----	64 90 24 52 94
J A finger or toe -----	40 28 71 69 3
K Part of the arm -----	10 38 88 62
L Book for keeping a daily personal record -----	68 34 80 1 16
M Fruit for an ade -----	12 101 41 58
N Went away -----	83 42 98 9
O Walking stick -----	44 87 56 99
P Golfers' word of warning -----	46 21 14 91

Q Part of the leg -----	23 51 97 95
R An auction -----	81 63 48 76
S A regulation -----	25 18 50 93
T Just a suggestion of something -----	26 72 70 82
U Ended -----	54 100 11 19
V They make row boats move on the water -----	17 60 31 49
W Anything that is heard -----	37 65 4 39 89
X What a person usually does when hungry -----	86 77 53 74

(Solution on page 30)

	1	2	3	4	5	6		7	8	
	9	10	11		12	13	14	15	16	
17	18	19		20	21	22		23	24	25
	26	27		28	29		30	31	32	33
34	35	36	37		38	39	40		41	42
43	44	45	46	47	48		49	50	51	52
	53	54		55	56	57	58	59		60
61	62		63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70
71		72	73		74	75	76	77	78	79
80	81	82		83	84	85	86		87	88
89		90	91	92	93	94	95	96		97
98		99	100	101	102					



# Do Your Words?

by Halcyon M. Thomas

A child learning to talk sees a teddy bear, a wagon, a tree. He is told the name of the object as we point to it or touch it. After that, he, himself, associates the name teddy bear, wagon, or tree with the proper object. This is not so with all the words that a child must learn as he grows up; for many words represent intangible values.

*Sharing*, an abstract word, represents an ideal of behavior. How is a child to know what sharing means?

Betty, age three, was visiting in a family where Joan, also age three, was the center of attention. Betty had taken with her her worn-out old panda, her most prized possession. Joan stood menacingly near her own box of attractive toys and watched suspiciously every move made by Betty.

Joan's mother, conscious of the selfish attitude of her three-year-old, patted her gently on the head, looked at Betty, and said, "I believe that Joan is ready to share her toys with you, Betty. Come closer to the box. What toys do you like best?"

As the mother talked, she moved the toys about gently, saying, "Joan, we share things at our house. We like to make other people happy. Yes, we share our toys."

Suddenly, Joan handed Betty her own pet teddy bear, and without hesitation Betty handed her precious panda to Joan. Sharing had become more than a word; it was an ideal in action. Sharing had to be demonstrated, however, before it had a meaning.

*Courtesy, Politeness.* How do children learn these attributes? They must see them demonstrated. They see them demonstrated first

in their own homes, in the consideration that members of the family show to each other at the table; in the tone of voice used in stating opinions, especially if opinions differ greatly. They see courtesy when choices must be made and when family finances are discussed.

They notice deviations from courtesy, too. Small Peter said, "My father doesn't make muddy marks when he goes to Mrs. Gray's house. He wipes his feet at the very first step."

Little Marie remarked, "My mother scolded my father because he cut her best towel with a razor blade; but she didn't scold Uncle Jim when he drew a picture on her best table cloth with his knife. It's when you are married you have to get scolded."

How much better off is little Ted who said, "My father tips his hat to my mother every morning, and she says to him to have a nice day at the office."

*Courtesy*, the attribute that stems from a cultured heart, must be demonstrated to be understood.

*Love.* How many ways there are to demonstrate that word! Claudia's mother was ill. Her father got up early in the morning to prepare breakfast and get Claudia off to school on time. In the evening he would hurry up the walk to the house, pause only long enough to hang his coat in the closet, and would hasten to his wife's room. His sincere solicitude was unmistakable. One evening as he and Claudia ate the meal that they had managed to prepare together, Claudia looked up and said, "I didn't know you loved my mother till she got sick."

"Why, Claudia, what makes you

say that?" the shocked father asked.

"Always before you kissed her in a hurry and would say just yes and no when she talked to you and go right on reading your paper. Now, you sit and talk and talk."

Jane and Judy were playing house. Jane was the mother, and Judy, age four, pretended to be a tiny baby. "Come, Judy, it's time for lunch," said the mother. "Judy, do you love me?" the mother asked, pride and concern in her voice.

"Yes, I do, Mother," small Judy replied.

"Why do you love me, my little baby?" the mother persisted.

"Because you comb my hair easy and that's because you love me. Then when you get through, you pat me and never say now hurry off like some mothers do. That's how I know you love me."

Love demonstrated in even small things is easily understood by a child.

*Worship.* In a Christian home, worship surely is more than an abstract word. It is an integral part of family life and becomes alive when it is demonstrated. Worship means family prayer, thanks at the table, church attendance. It means more than that, too. Worship put into action has concomitant values that children soon recognize. It has results that are unmistakable.

Families know each other more intimately than anyone else knows them. Children in families know the sincerity of our Christian profession better than ministers know it. If the word "worship" carries a meaning that puts merit in our profession and in our behavior, children intuitively know



it. The opposite is equally true.

"But you said at family worship to forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us," John, 12, said to his irate father who had just discovered his neighbor's cow in the cornfield. "Now, look, you're mad! It happened because our fence was broken down, and the cow couldn't help that."

Marie, age 16, had just united with the church. Her faith was as simple as that of the little child whom the Lord mentioned. Her worship had brought to her a complete trust and an acceptance of God as the planner, protector, and loving heavenly Father.

She looked at her weeping mother, then commented, "Our memory verse for worship yesterday morning was, 'I will praise the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth.' Why are you crying just because Jim is going to Korea? Can't God take

care of him there as well as here?"

Grandfather's prayers for years always had ended the same way. The children and grandchildren knew the ending by heart. "Now, dear Lord, we commit our dear ones to thee. We will worship thee here on our knees; and we will worship thee, too, in the fields as we plow, in the street as we walk, and in this house where we live and work. We will worship thee in the way we treat our fellow man."

When children and grandchildren see worship demonstrated in the lives of adults about them, worship no longer is an abstract word; it needs no further amplification.

*Sharing, courtesy, love, worship* are words that must be demonstrated if we would prove their meaning to the uninitiated. The demonstration is necessary to the continuing vitality of a Christian home. We must be actual "doers of the Word."

Photo by erb



Children learn the meaning of abstract words only if they are demonstrated. These small girls know what it is to share their possessions.



## The Happy Day

(Continued from page 21)

"Darlings!" said Mom. "You've been working all this time, and got it all cleared out for us. Thank you! Thank you!" She hugged them both.

"That's wonderful," said Dad. "Here I've been resting, and you two are all hot and tired with working. It's a wonderful present."

"We wanted to wash it off," said Carol. "But we thought it would be awfully hard to scoop the water out afterward."

Dad looked sort of queer.

"If you can find the hose," he said, "I'll help you. Want to get into your swim suits so you won't mind getting wet while you scrub?"

Carol and John dashed off. Carol knew just where the swim suits were, and John thought that he had seen the hose. It wasn't long before they were back. But they were gone long enough for Dad to move one of the rocks in the corner near the lilac bush.

"Now," said Dad.

The hose was attached and turned on. "Hey!" said John, after they had swished around with a broom. "There must be a crack. The water isn't staying in."

"Probably they planned it that way," said Mom, with an odd smile on her face. "Now put the brooms away, children."

They raced off, and Dad was busy again with that rock in the corner while they were gone. "Turn the hose on full," he called.

John turned it full.

The water was filling up between those walls. Carol and Johnny stared.

"It's not a patio at all!" cried Carol.

"It's a wading pool!" shouted Johnny.

They dashed into the water. And sat down on the cement, all scrubbed so nice and clean. The water began to come up around their legs.

Mom and Dad laughed. "Feel nice and cool, kids?"

Johnny looked at them. "You knew it all the time, Dad!" he said. "Why didn't you tell us?"

"I didn't feel up to doing anything

about it, and I just didn't realize that you two were big enough to do a job like that!" said Dad.

"But your chair! And Mom's chair!" said Carol. "You can't sit in the water!"

"I'll get rested just watching you enjoy yourselves, and knowing you planned it all for us," said Mom. "There is a patio, too, somewhere under the leaves. We'll find it and get it cleared off soon. Now enjoy yourselves. You've earned it. I'm going in to get supper."

Dad stretched. "I feel better already. With two such workers in the family we're going to have a wonderful time."

"We are already," said Carol and John.

## The Dangers of "Ordinary" Drinking

(Continued from page 13)

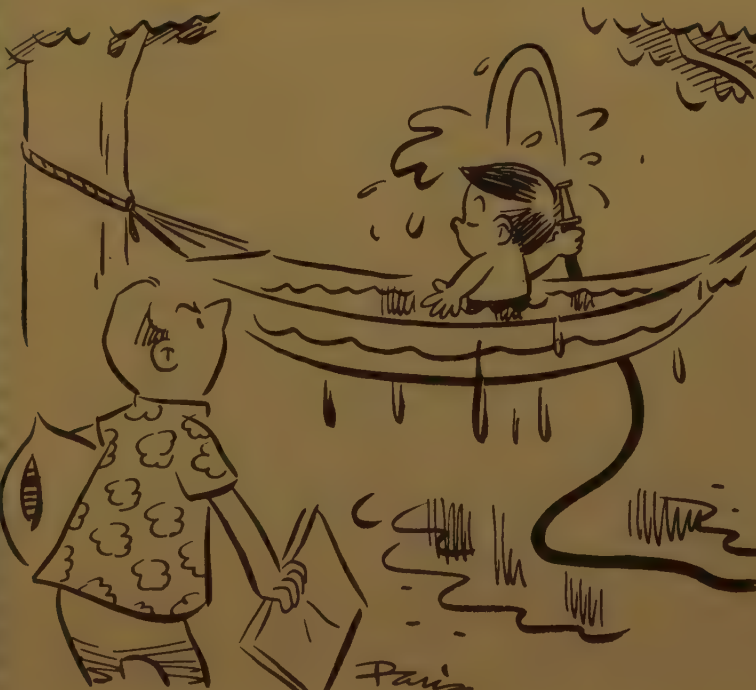
Isaiah warned about this: "Woe to those who rise early in the morning, that they may run after strong drink . . . but they do not regard the deeds of the LORD, or see the work of his hands" (Isa. 5:11-12). In a radio address, the economist, Roger Babson, said, "The social use of liquor is undermining the religious life of homes, churches, and colleges. As bad money drives out good money, so the social use of liquor drives out family prayers, church attendance, Sunday observance, charities, and kindness. This, therefore, retards the spiritual forces of life."

There is danger in drinking, because drinking obscures spiritual vision, separates the drinker from religious influences, brings a lessened interest in the church and the spiritual life, and gradually makes him antagonistic to spiritual efforts to help him. It has been said that alcohol is the devil in liquid form.

It should be added that it is moderate drinking that keeps the liquor business thriving. Over four hundred thousand liquor outlets in our country cater to the 65,000,000 drinkers. How many of these would last if their only customers were the 7,000,000 alcoholics and problem drinkers? It is moderate drinking which produces alcoholics; and it is moderate drinking which keeps so many taverns and whisky stores open.

These are some of the dangers of "ordinary" drinking. Every moderate drinker should ponder them and ask what benefits he receives, if any, to offset these positive dangers. Are the "benefits" of moderate drinking worth the dangers involved? Every drinker must answer this question for himself.

## WILBUR





During the fishing season a very devoted father, Robert Brown, made a habit of taking his two small sons fishing every Saturday afternoon. They went together to their favorite stream or to some of the nearby lakes.

One day, Bobby, the oldest boy, said to his father,

"Dad, would you care if Bruce Larry, my friend up in the next block, went along with us on our next fishing trip?"

Mr. Brown asked, "Is he the little boy that we took to Sunday school one Sunday?"

"Yes, that was Bruce Larry," said Bobby, waiting for his father's answer.

Mr. Brown hesitated before he spoke, because he rather enjoyed the companionship of his two sons alone.

"Why, doesn't his daddy take him fishing?" Mr. Brown asked.

"He doesn't have any daddy," Bobby exclaimed. "His daddy was killed in the war when Bruce was a baby."

"And he's never been fishing in his whole life," added Phillip, the younger brother.

Mr. Brown looked astonished. "You mean to tell me that a boy living in the next block has never been fishing?"

"That's the truth, Dad. We talk about what good times we have when you take us fishing; and he doesn't know what we're talking about. He doesn't own any poles, or reels, or bright colored corks, or casting rods, or anything."

Mr. Brown not only took Bruce along on their next trip, but he bought him a brand new cane pole and fishing line.

The first time Bruce Larry went with them it happened to be a good fishing day. Bruce caught fish as well as the other boys. He was delighted and overjoyed. He exclaimed,

"Where do all these fish come from?"

Mr. Brown answered, "God has created them, Bruce, and placed them here on earth in these streams for us to enjoy."



*Cy La Tour*

"Fishing gives a father a great opportunity to talk to his boy of God and nature and the blessings of life."

## FINE FELLOWSHIP IN FISHING

by Adelaide Blanton

Bruce looked admiringly at Mr. Brown, as though he felt that he knew all the answers. Bruce smiled and said,

"It seems like God is out here more than anywhere else, even at Sunday school."

A few days after their fishing trip, Mr. Brown received a note from Bruce's mother. It read—

Dear Mr. Brown:

I want to assure you that I do greatly appreciate the interest you have shown in my son. You will never know the joy you have given him by taking him fishing along with your boys. Surely, there is fellowship in fishing. May God bless you for your thoughtfulness and kindness to my boy, who has

never known the joy of having a father.

Sincerely,  
Mrs. Larry

Fishing really grew to mean a lot to Mr. Brown and his boys and their playmates. It also brought them closer together in other ways. Bruce became a regular attendant at Sunday school and church.

Many other boys have been helped by their families going on fishing trips together. But it seems that there is a very special joy brought to a boy by his own father taking him fishing.

While working for our town newspaper, we conducted a contest for boys from the ages of six to

(Continued on next page)



## Your Baby's Individual Record

(Continued from page 3)

The above will give you just a sample of the incidents in our Ann's and Elaine's baby stories. Time has done some racing since those days! The baby book entries were continued all through their early years; but it wasn't until Ann, a mother at 20, asked to see the book, that we had cause to evaluate the whole idea.

Ann had made herself wretched during the early weeks of little Arthur's life, believing that he was slow in developing. She loved the little guy mightily—but often confided to us that Arthur was weeks behind what this or that important baby authority decreed proper.

We tried to tell her that a baby develops at his own individual rate. We leafed hastily through pages of best baby advice to quote remarks about each baby being his own law of growth. She was unconvinced.

When Ann read the pages of incidents about her early life and that of her sister, she finally relaxed. "Why, Arthur's doing the same things we did," she said. "This sort of baby book is great. I'll start on Arthur's tonight!"

Our other daughter, Elaine, took the

books from Ann's hand, turning her attention to them fully. These days Elaine's eyes are practically always on thick, college books. There had been many a weighty discussion about Elaine's going to college at all. We, her parents, were convinced she wasn't studious enough.

From reading her own baby book, Elaine commented, "I can understand now why you were so unwilling. Wasn't I a little dickens my first years of school? You didn't know I'd changed, did you?" She reached for one of her college books on education and said, "I'll write a paper on it—the value of a book about your own babyhood!"

For a plus value to baby books that relate incidents, there's the matter of the telling of details about family happenings that are later on remembered only casually.

You know—the arguments about which summer you all went to Crystal Lake, or which year it was that Sonny wore braces on his teeth. Even when everyone is up in arms saying he knows that he is right . . . he will agree to the proof that you wrote in the baby record at the time that it happened.

Need I mention that our family thinks our sort of baby diary is one of the best and most rewarding parts of babyhood?

## Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 25)

" . . . Return to the LORD, your God, for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and abounding in steadfast love, and repents of evil." (Joel 2:13)

### The Words

A Oval	M Lime
B Eggs	N Left
C Pound	O Cane
D Gift	P Fore
E Corn	Q Foot
F Runt	R Sale
G Round	S Rule
H Ades	T Hint
I Brown	U Over
J Digit	V Oars
K Hand	W Sound
L Diary	X Eats

## Study Guide

(Continued from page 24)

new world, and her husband is coping with problems about the new house.

- B. In the second ask a group of neighbors, maybe four or five, to role-play how they might conspire to help Mr. and Mrs. Justin Frohm and their three children to get adjusted and settled in their new home.

Take no more than five minutes for each of these. Then lead an open discussion, using any or all of the suggested questions under plan one.

### Using Other Resources

*The Christian Home*, by Kardatzke  
*Good Neighbors*, by Gardner  
*The Recovery of Family Life*, by Trueblood  
*Family and Church*, by Sherrill  
*Christian Worship by Families*, by Lentz  
*The Family Lives Its Religion*, by Regina W. Weiman  
*How Christian Parents Face Family Problems*, by John C. Wynn

These and many other good books on the family and the church will be available in your church, pastor's, or public library. By looking at the index of chapters, you will find additional resources which will contribute to the discussion. Ask different members to read these chapters ahead of time and to be ready to contribute resource leaders to the group discussions that you have planned.

## Fine Fellowship in Fishing

(Continued from page 29)

fourteen, offering cash prizes for the three best letters on "My Favorite Father."

It was the week preceding Father's Day. The letters came pouring in from all over town and from some of the rural districts. Some of the letters were carefully written; some were hardly readable; others were scrawled on scraps of paper. There were a few letters written on fancy stationery. But what the letters contained was the important thing.

A few of the boys said that they liked their dads because they played marbles with them, and because they bought them chewing gum. Others said they liked their dads because they were good-natured and bought them surprise presents. A few volunteered, "I like my daddy because he makes me mind." One little fellow wrote, "I'm glad my mother married my daddy, 'cause I like him too."

To my astonishment, however, the fact most frequently mentioned was the fact that they loved their dads because they took them fishing. One boy wrote, "My dad and I have lots of fun fishing together."

Another boy told how his dad had made a fishing pond for him on the back of their farm. A few included swimming along with fishing, saying,

"My dad goes fishing and swimming with me."

One little fellow mentioned hunting. These are his words:

"Daddy took me hunting once, and we tracked three rabbits in the snow."

Until I had read through the stack of letters, I had never realized how much fishing really meant to little boys.

In one boy's letter he stated that he was physically handicapped. He did not explain in just what way, but he did say,

"Dad never forgets that I am a little boy who likes to fish."

I knew when I finished reading all the letters, that surely there was fine fellowship in fishing.

Some families enjoy going fishing together. Many brothers and sisters and cousins go out on fishing trips. Friends and neighbors haunt their favorite creeks, lakes, ponds, and oceans; but none of these groups are so important as the ideal companionship of father and son going fishing together. It gives a father a great opportunity to talk to his boy of God and nature and the blessings of life.

George Beverly Shea sings with so much feeling that great song written by Stewart K. Hine, "How Great Thou Art," telling how God created the great outdoors for mankind to enjoy.

While enjoying it, even with fishing pole in hand, our hearts should sing that title: God, how great thou art.





# BOOKS

## for the hearthside

### For Children

Boys and girls from 8 to 12 who enjoy the beauties of nature will delight in **John Muir, Protector of the Wilds**, by Madge Haines and Leslie Morrill (Abingdon Press, 1957, 128 pages, \$1.50). From boyhood, John Muir loved all of nature, and was distressed to see even the smallest flower destroyed. When he grew to manhood, he traveled across this country on foot, keeping careful notes about flowers, trees, ferns, and birds. He became interested in glaciers and was the first to discover and describe many of them. This interest led him to Alaska, and to making many important discoveries there. Early in his career, John Muir began to fight for national parks, where some of the beauty of the country would be preserved. This fight finally succeeded; and John Muir deserves the credit for all such national shrines.

This biography has absorbing interest, and is well-illustrated by Avery Johnson.

**It's Fun to Be Nice**, by Wanda Bell (Warner Press, 1956, unpagged, 75 cents), pictures desirable behavior through a story about a doll and a teddy bear. This book is for the preschool age. The illustrations by Vera Gohman will help young children to "read" the story.

**When I Pray**, by Olive W. Burt (Warner Press, 1956, unpagged, 75 cents), is a series of prayers in verse form. There are prayers for all occasions. Vera Gohman's attractive two-color illustrations add to the charm of this book for kindergartners and beginning readers.

A very attractive book that is bound to be a controversial one is **My Friend, God**, by Elaine St. Johns (E. P. Dutton and Co., 1956, 44 pages, \$2.75). The story is about five-year-old Kristen, who has a special friend, whom she calls "My Friend, God." The incidents are quite typical of a five-year-old; but the way that Kristen thinks and speaks of God is very mature for a child of any age. Some of the words that Kristen uses are not childlike. The manner in which the author identifies God with the forces of nature will run counter to the theology of many persons. This book is most charming, with four-color and black and white illustrations by Dorothy Teichman.

**ing Your Child to Understand Death**, by Anna W. M. Wolf (63 pages, 60 cents, single copies; discount for quantities). Mrs. Wolf is a staff member of the Child Study Association, and the well-known author of many books for parents about children, one of which is *The Parents' Manual*. She has written this new pamphlet in response to repeated requests from parents who had no clear-cut answers with which to deal with their children's questions regarding death. Mrs. Wolf believes that parents first of all must have a well-defined philosophy of life, which includes an attitude toward death, and that they must hold to it with courage and conviction. Anything less than that is detected quickly by children, and increases their problem, rather than helping to solve it. She gives numerous suggestions for helping a child come to grips with his questions about death, to work out satisfying answers, and to be able to accept the fact that death is part of life. The pamphlet is written for those of all faiths, as well as for those who have no religious faith. Mrs. Wolf also introduces briefly the point of view of primitive people about death, and their belief that the life of the deceased goes on in the living. The common heritage that unites all faiths and all people can, in itself, be of help as one begins to learn, or grows in his conviction of "what it is to be a man—and to be mortal." Parents will find this pamphlet very helpful, as they attempt to answer their children's questions, or as they begin to prepare themselves in anticipation for such questions—for they surely will come.

### For Adults

A valuable and helpful pamphlet has been issued by the Child Study Association of America, Inc.: **Help-**

# LET'S

# MORE



# READ



# Over the back fence

## Meeting a Great Need

It is commonplace to bemoan the sad state of modern marriage and the family. It is not so commonplace to offer a definite plan that has promise of doing something about changing the situation.

The great need in this field is increased opportunities for marriage counseling. This need is at present being partially met in these ways. Marriage counselors on a professional basis are increasing. Churches, through the ministry, are giving more and more time in this field. Church schools are providing a limited measure of guidance, both pre-marital and post-marital. Counseling clinics are being set up in many cities through the co-operation of church and community agencies.

It is the conviction of Dr. David Mace, now on a three-year survey of marriage problems of Asia and Africa under the World Council of Churches, that all these steps, plus others not named, are not enough. He offers this program: "The use of properly trained lay persons is the only real solution of this great problem."

Speaking before the Department of Family Life of the National Council of Churches, Dr. Mace described such a program which he helped to establish in London in 1943. Because of wartime stresses and strains on marriage ties the National Marriage Guidance Council was established, which by 1947 had grown to include one hundred marriage counseling centers. The program was almost entirely voluntary, since at that time only twelve persons were paid workers. The counselors were all lay persons who gave several hours each week to the counseling center to which they

were assigned. The experience in London proved the value of this type of service to distressed families.

Dr. Mace readily admits certain dangers involved in such a program, but points out three ways that these dangers may be minimized.

1. *There should be a careful selection and screening of persons to be trained for this counseling process.* This selection and training is in the hands of competent psychologists, and in ten years about 700 people have met the requirements established. The rate of rejection of trainees is between 30 and 40 per cent. Persons with the right personal qualities, between 35 and 50 years of age, of high intelligence and integrity are sought to serve in this capacity. After over ten years the leaders of this Marriage Guidance Council see no reason to change from lay to professional counselors.

2. *No counselor is permitted to work alone and unguided.* Each case is talked over with other counselors under the supervision of regional, professional psychiatrists. New counselors are always teamed up with experienced workers and serve a probational period of one year. During that time each person has counseled between thirty and forty cases of a relatively simple nature. At the end of the probation his work is carefully assessed by competent professional workers.

3. *Special consultants in several different fields are available to give guidance on problems which are obviously too serious for volunteer lay counselors.* These consultants regularly meet with counselors on a monthly basis and are available at any time for special advice.

Most ministers find that marriage counseling can easily and quickly overcrowd their schedule. Dr. Mace believes that no minister can give more than twelve hours per week to this work. Probably every congregation has at least one man and one woman who could serve as lay counselors, if given the careful guidance provided by the London plan.



# Poetry Page

## The Unorthodox

Our yard is full of twitter talk,  
And flutter forms are everywhere.  
The hop is practiced while the walk,  
Like dentured wrens, is rare.

The pool was built for fish to grace,  
But wings are washed there every night  
By small usurpers out of space  
Who utilize the last of light.

Gay thespians and troubadours  
Whose art has many problems whipped.  
They play without the need of scores  
And act without a script.

—Gene Moore

## Heaps of Trouble

So many things I throw away  
I wish I had another day.  
But odds and ends that I deposit  
In basement, loft, garage, or closet  
Because I feel the chance is great  
I'll want them at a later date  
I seldom seem to have a need for.  
But this is lucky, I'll concede, for  
Those very few occasions I  
Have need for something I've put by,  
The item, though I look around  
For half a day, just can't be found.

—Richard Wheeler

## Revised Outlook

The ordered rooms I dreamed about  
Don't go with growing boys.  
Instead, we had assorted pets,  
And junk and dirt and toys.

The battered floors refused to gleam  
No matter how I waxed 'em,  
For mud tracked in on active feet  
Had sorely overtaxed 'em.

I couldn't find one quiet spot—  
The noise was most appalling!  
The whole house rang with fun and glee,  
Or else with quarrels and bawling.

But now the boys have gone away,  
And silence, like a pall,  
Lies on these rooms, so spic and span—  
It's not my house at all!

How welcome, then, is one small guest  
Who makes this place alive—  
A romping lad, so like his dad,  
A grandson, just turned five!

—Jenny Maxwell

## While You Are Upright

It's not that I would have you rise,  
But, now that you are up,  
Switch on the light, and close the door,  
And feed the hungry pup.  
And oh, I'm sure you wouldn't mind  
To bring the paper here,  
And raise the window just a mite—  
That's perfect; thank you, dear.  
I love you more and more each day  
(Oh, darling, turn the roast)  
And your uprightness is, I'm sure,  
The thing I like the most.

—Florence Pedigo Jansson





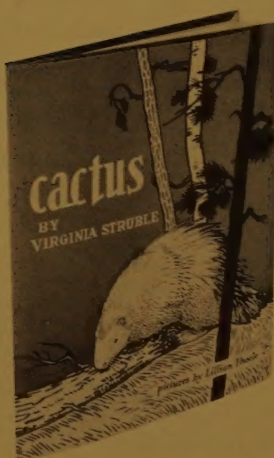
## Our Happy Family

By Mabel Niedermeyer McCaw

Pictures by Priscilla Pointer

This is an appealing story of a typical family—Mother, Dad, and three children—and their happy life together. Written to be read to 3-, 4-, and 5-year-olds, it helps them appreciate their families and learn how much happiness can be found in their private little worlds. Delightfully illustrated in 2 colors; 32 pages.

\$1.50



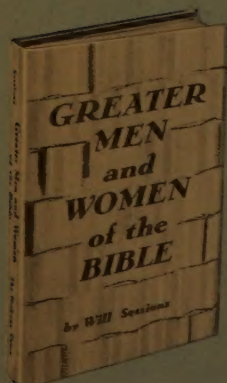
## Cactus

By Virginia W. Struble

Pictures by Lillian Thoele

Cactus is a western porcupine who has trouble making friends because he is so different from other animals. Eventually his peculiarities prove to be an asset when he is able to save the life of a young deer. The story ends happily as Cactus wins the approval of the other animals. For ages 6-9. Beautifully illustrated in 2 colors, 48 pages.

\$1.75



## Greater Men and Women of the Bible

By Will Sessions

For the lay person endeavoring to enrich his knowledge of Bible figures and history . . . for the church school teacher wanting resource material . . . for the minister seeking sermon inspiration. Here are biographical sketches and religious interpretations of 52 of the outstanding personalities of the Bible. From Adam to Luke, the stories of their lives bring messages of inspiration, delight, and admonition for every Christian. This is a book you'll find rewarding every time it's read.

\$3.50

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1701-03 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

Christian Board of Publication  
Box 179, St. Louis 3, Mo.